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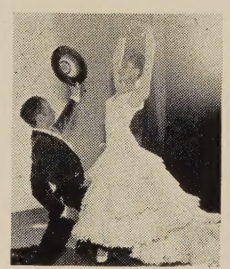

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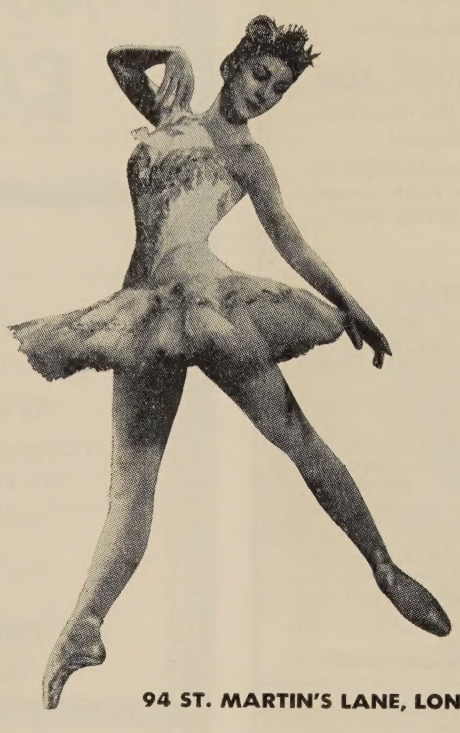

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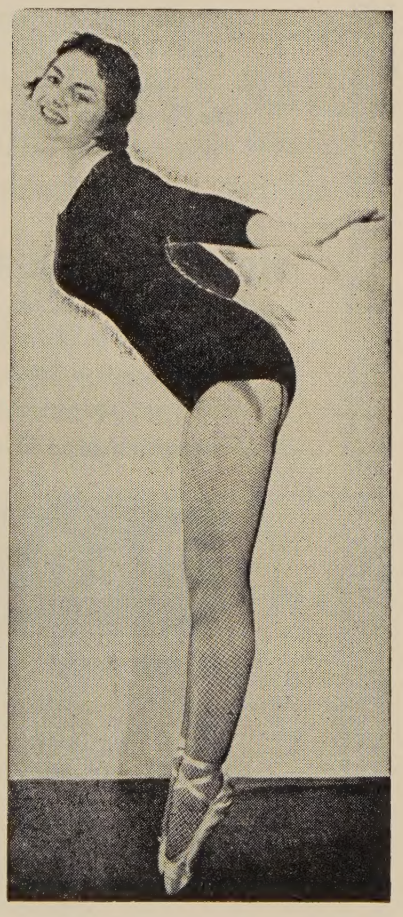

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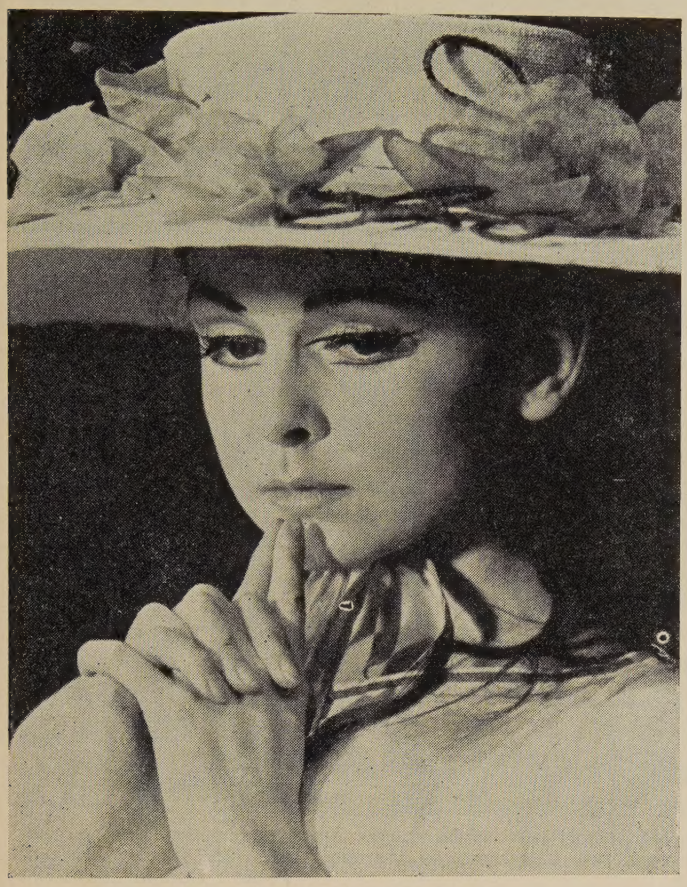

IN THE INVITATION

Photo : Dominic.

LYNN SEYMOUR

THREE years ago — or just a little more — a grave-faced, soft-spoken Canadian girl from Wainwright, Alberta, joined the Royal Ballet in its touring section. The name was Lynn Springbett. Before she joined the company she was known as part of the Covent Garden regular audience, and her slightly surprised, off-handedly friendly face seemed, now we come to think of it, to be around at many performances.

As a dancer (now known as Lynn Seymour) we first noticed her — indeed, we would have had to have been blind to have missed her — as the Adolescent Girl in Kenneth MacMillan's *The Burrow*. Immediately it was obvious that here was a rare talent. Nevertheless it still came as a surprise to hear that when the Royal Ballet was touring Australia and New Zealand she had had a notable success as Odette/Odile in *Swan Lake*. When the company returned to England and she first danced Odette/Odile at Covent Garden it became clear that here was a ballerina of the future — in fact, in that rôle at least, here was a ballerina of the present in everything but name. Since then much has come her way as she has progressed towards — no, not Fonteyn's crown but her own. Already she has left her mark on British ballet history.

Aurora, Giselle, Cinderella — many of the big ballerina rôles have been assigned to her, and to them all she has brought her individuality and ever-ripening talent. She still has hurdles to cross — the final mastery of her always exciting technique, the development of her personality — and the promise she has shown and the praise she has won might well place her in a peculiarly difficult position. At the end of last year she achieved wide acclaim for her stunning performance in *The Invitation*, now she is to create the leading rôle in a full-length Ashton ballet, *Les Deux Pigeons*. The well-deserved luck that gave her these two parts in quick succession could easily be the chance of her lifetime.

FEBRUARY 1961 12th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 12 No. 2

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. Mason.
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

Derriere-garde

AND where, my lovelies, was it your habit to go if you wanted to be in the swim with every new thought, idea or trend to do with the arts? The answer of course is "Paris, France" — or rather, it was. This was the city so *avant-garde* that anything done by little old-fashioned us, or the Americans or the Russians, seemed almost beneath contempt. We were just fuddie-duddies who liked old classical war-horses — "it's all right for you," the Parisians would say, "but you see here in Paris we only like new works and really good designers". Well, that's how they were, and that's how we liked them, because in spite of the scorn, we all of us knew that a Paris thinking this way set a right balance to the world of art. They started the wave of new trends and we followed suit, making the wave bigger and occasionally, only very occasionally, making it better also.

Now what happens, what is it in ballet that's setting all Paris talking, what's sending them scuttering around ticket agencies in the hope of obtaining returns, what causes them to mill around the Place de l'Opéra and the Avenue Montaigne each evening, what indeed? Why, it's our well-worn old, old friends — the full-length *Swan Lake* and the full-length *Sleeping Beauty*. So what the *avant-garde*, and the laugh's on I'm not quite sure who. Probably Tchaikovsky.

This is not intended to decry, in any way, the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas, who mounted *The Sleeping Beauty*, or the Paris Opéra, who have been the first company in the West to put on Bourmeister's masterly re-working of *Swan Lake* — far from it. I am delighted to think they had the courage to do this in the face of what has always been considered to be French opinion, even more delighted am I to think that their courage has met with such financial reward and critical award. No, what really worries me is where do we turn to now because there must be some new direction somewhere if ballet is not to become bogged down again like it has at certain periods in every century. Where is there a new wind blowing? Certainly not in London, if the past few years are any criterion. What about Moscow? Well, much as we admire what they do, it could hardly be called, even with the greatest stretch of imagination, new. New York, where of course there's Martha Graham and some Modern Dance movements, then of course they have some very interesting new painters and architects. Yes, New York would seem to be the best bet, yet I am not entirely convinced, because so much of what they do had its core of inspiration in Europe. But if the 'sixties can produce nothing new, then, in the words of Lincoln Kirstein, "Oblivion awaits them".

Published by HANSOM BOOKS monthly on the 20th of the preceding month. By post: One year 27/-, Half-year 13/6, 2 years : 50/-, 3 years 81/-. A loose leaf binder (value 12/6) to hold 24 copies is presented free with every three-year subscription (Foreign: pay in sterling or by International Money Order or through agents listed in this number.) Binders for purchase are 12/6 by post. Back numbers from October 1951 Available (except Nov., Dec. 1951, Jan., Mar. 1952, Jan., Feb., Apr., May, June 1953, July 1954, Jan., Apr., 1955, and Sept., Oct. 1956), price 2/3 each by post. 21 LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1. SLOane 0394. HANSOM BOOKS also publish every month MUSIC AND MUSICIANS PLAYS AND PLAYERS, FILMS AND FILMING, BOOKS AND BOOKMEN, RECORDS AND RECORDING, BOOKGUIDE and TECHNICAL BOOKGUIDE and is proprietor of the SEVEN ARTS BOOK CLUB.

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STATUES IN THE ASCENDENT : The front-cloth designed by Nicholas Georgiadis which comes between the first and second scenes. It represents the statues in the garden whose nudity has taken on a new importance in the adolescent lives of the Girl and her male cousin. *Photo : Donald Southern.*

The Invitation

First given by the Royal Ballet at the New Theatre, Oxford, on November 10, 1960 and at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden on December 30, 1960. Choreography by Kenneth MacMillan. Music by Matyas Seiber. Scenery and Costumes by Nicholas Georgiadis.

NOT FOR THE CHILDREN : The Mother (Shirley Bishop) commands that her two older daughters (Brenda Taylor and Barbara Remington) shall cover the naked statues in the garden so that their nakedness shall not be seen by the children. A scene from the opening moments of the ballet. *Photo : Houston Rogers.*

Cast

The Girl ..... LYNN SEYMOUR
Her Cousin ..... CHRISTOPHER GABLE
Her Mother ..... SHIRLEY BISHOP
Her Sisters ..... BRENDA TAYLOR, BARBARA REMINGTON
The Governess ... SHEILA HUMPHREYS
The Wife ..... ANNE HEATON
The Husband ..... DESMOND DOYLE
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STORY

"IN a grand house live a wealthy widow and her three daughters. The two elder daughters of marriageable age are strictly guarded from the world by their mother. The youngest daughter has invited her boy cousin and some young friends to stay with her, along with their parents. In the party there is an unhappily married couple who were friends of the widow's husband.

"The youngest daughter and her cousin are drawn towards each other, but she is also attracted to the married man after dancing with him. After the children have gone to bed, entertainers arrive to perform for the guests. The girl creeps down and secretly watches. At the end of the performance the married couple quarrel and the man rushes off in anger followed by the girl. The cousin appears in search of the girl but instead finds the wife alone. Timidly he succumbs to her. At the same time the girl discovers the man walking by the lake,

but his affectionate approach to her changes to violence and she is left weeping.

"The house party ends and the married couple continue their indifferent relationship. The boy tries to resume his courtship of the girl but she rejects him."

PRODUCTION AND CHOREOGRAPHY

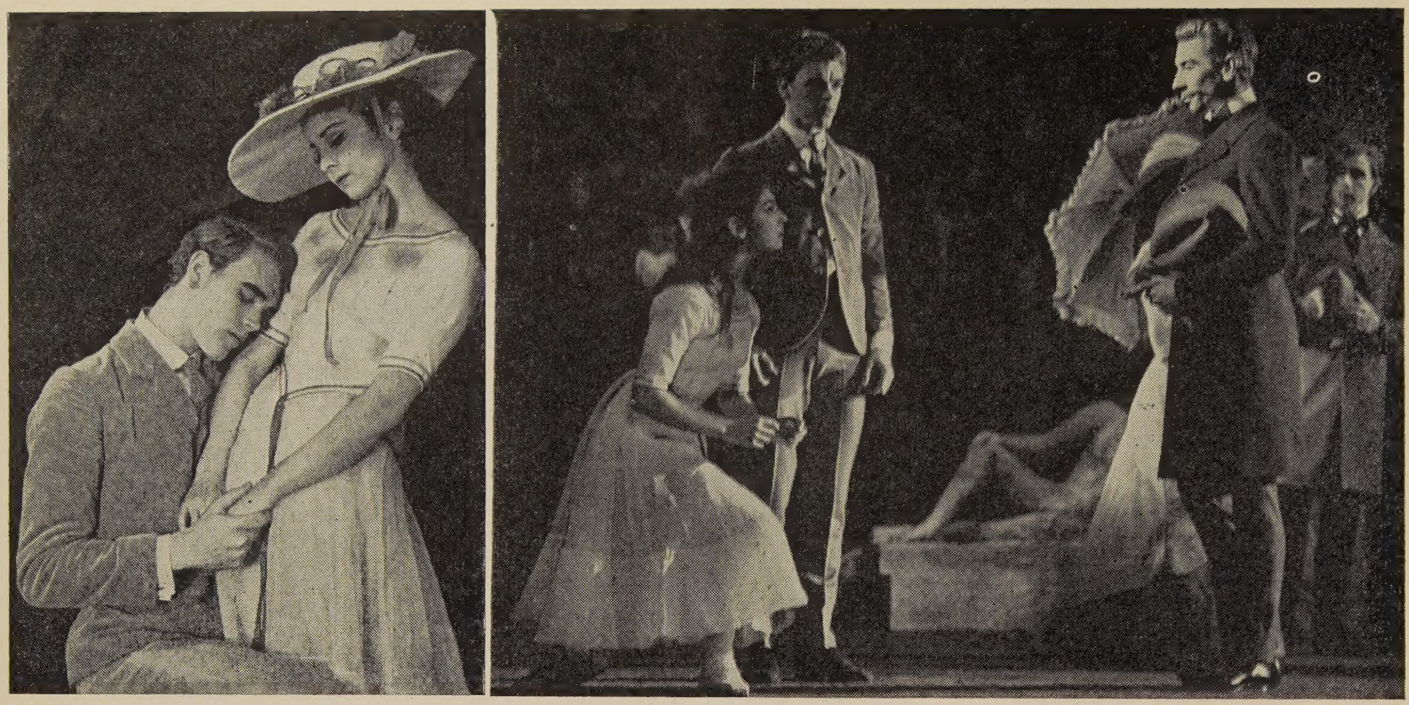
KENNETH MacMILLAN'S new ballet, *The Invitation,* is an important work. I find I have been thinking about it on and off ever since I saw its première in Oxford some weeks ago, and I eagerly awaited its first performances at Covent Garden. The importance of the ballet, it seems to me, is quite apart from its merits, which while not negligible, are equally not unmixed with faults.

Curiously enough the main reason for my eagerness to see the ballet installed at the Opera House was my anxiety to revise the first opinion of the ballet I had formed from the two performances at Oxford. Here I thought was a ballet destined to be a huge popular success (now I am not so sure — Covent Garden audiences have not given it such a warm welcome as it received in Oxford), highly praised by people whose views I respect, and, more importantly, it was apparently a work which incorporated many of the ideas I myself held dear. Unfortunately I found I had the same reservations about the ballet at Covent Garden as I had in Oxford. Indeed it seemed that the ballet — relying as it does so much on initial dramatic impact—made its strongest impression the first time I saw it, and I think the choreographer showed sound common-sense in excluding critics from the Covent Garden dress rehearsal.

In a special interview, given to *The Times,* MacMillan has said: "The story is realistic,

THE FIRST TOUCH OF NON-INNOCENCE: The Girl (Lynn Seymour) and her Cousin (Christopher Gable) are made conscious of the naked body when their young friends taunt them and remove the covering from the statues. Photo: Dominic. Below, the Girl (Seymour) is bewildered as, having been forced to look at the nude male and female statues, she becomes vaguely aware of the meaning of sex.
Photo: Houston Rogers.

set at the beginning of this century. I combined two ideas from a South American book called *House of the Angel* and Colette's *Ripening Seed.* But I made the characters people I know, not the characters in the books. An older, unhappy married couple meet two young people whose love for each other is gentle and tender. The older couple destroy this innocence. The story does not resolve itself.

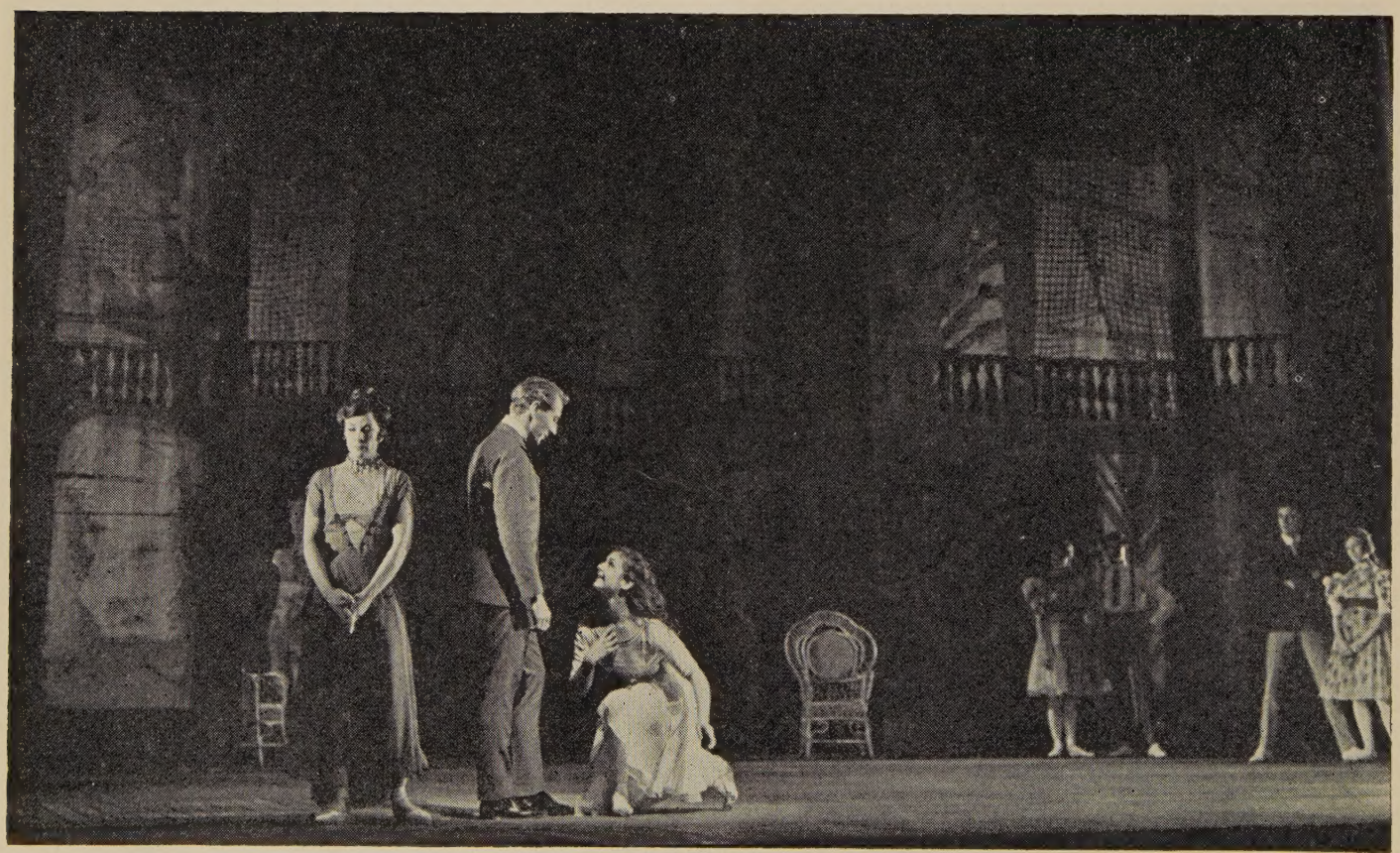


GIRL MEETS BOY — AND MAN: Above left, the innocent love of the Girl (Lynn Seymour) for her Cousin (Christopher Gable) in the opening moments of the ballet. Above right, with the arrival of the guests for the house party, the girl meets the unhappily married man (Desmond Doyle) who is ultimately to play the major part in the destruction of her innocence. Photos: Dominic. Below: Later, at a children's dancing class, the girl again becomes conscious of the married man. She, still in innocence but with growing awareness, dances for him and then with him. His wife (Anne Heaton, left) is very aware of what will eventually happen. Photo: Houston Rogers.

When one loses innocence and grows up, it can be a shattering experience without resolution. I hope the spectators may see things in the ballet which they've felt in their lives.

"I'm sick to death of fairy stories. I want people to go to the theatre to be moved by something they can recognise."

To look first at MacMillan's scenario — later in the same *Times* interview the choreographer says: "I used to think it didn't matter what you said, but how you said it. I've changed my mind now" — it seems to me he has made a fine old hash out of the two novels that sparked off his



original idea. In fact it is almost an irrelevant insult to mention Colette in the context of this ballet; for not only is there hardly anything of the novel to be found in the work, but the whole spirit of *The Invitation* is entirely at variance with the worldly reverence of Colette's views on life and sex.

In effect the ballet has been based upon Beatriz Guido's *The House of the Angel,* although the circumstances have been almost completely changed. The strange atmosphere of Guido's over-heated, over-charged but not unimpressive novel makes itself dimly felt throughout the ballet. Yet what is noble in the book has somehow been lost, only to be replaced by a somewhat tawdry police-court saga. In the novel Ana Castro is a repressed adolescent tormented by the hellfire suggestions of a peculiarly South American Catholicism, who falls in love with a man she has never even met, Pablo Aguirre. Aguirre, an Argentinian politician, comes one night to the house of Ana's father in order to fight a duel with a member of the opposition party. While he is waiting for the dawn, Ana goes to his room, where he takes her by force. Aguirre survives the duel, and evermore he and Ana are locked in a love-hate relationship, held together by their mutual misery in a lost innocence.

In adapting this story for the ballet stage, MacMillan has obviously had to make changes and simplifications, yet it is curious how, although he has often kept quite closely to details of the original novel, he has at the same time made it so trivial. (In this connection it is worth considering the adaptation Ronald Crichton made of Alain-Fournier's *Les Grand Meaulnes* for *La Fête Etrange,* for here, while the novel was nearly abandoned, its very heart still beat.)

I suppose the basic difference between Guido's book and MacMillan's ballet is that the first is about loss of innocence, the second is about loss of virginity; the first is about life, the second is about sex. When MacMillan says: "I hope the spectators may see things in the ballet which they've felt in their own lives," I can only add that if they do then I shudder for the ballet audience, for they would be more sexually maladjusted than would seem possible. With the addition of its sub-plot twisted out of Colette, the ballet paints just about as black a picture of sex as it is possible to imagine, loaded with feelings of guilt, sin and fear.

Having had my say about the moral attitude that seems to be taken up by *The Invitation,* let me add how rare it is to have a ballet that raises any kind of moral question. Personally I think there is more "realism" in *Lilac Garden, La Fête Etrange* or even *La Fille Mal Gardée* than in *The Invitation* (but perhaps I've just led a sheltered life), yet the sexuality of MacMillan's ballet undoubtedly has its controversial aspect and as such is welcome in the all too calm world of British ballet.

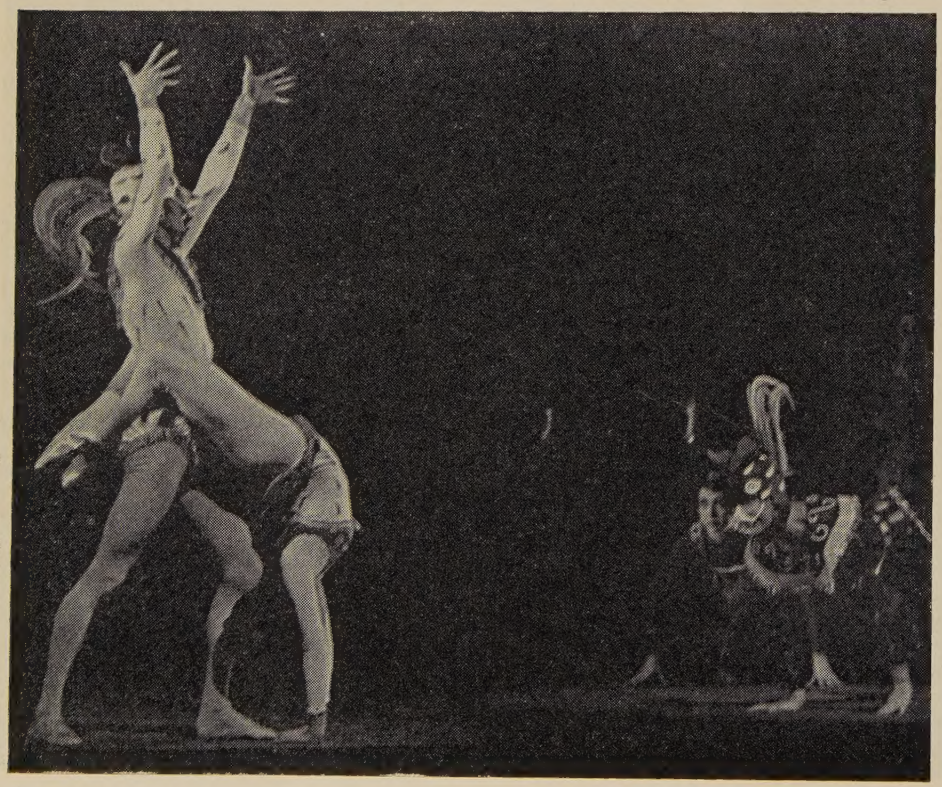
Dramatically this very long work lacks conciseness, and straggles along in a manner one would not expect from a work so clearly belonging to the Tudor tradition. Its pace is so leisurely, particularly at the beginning, that at times it looks almost aimless, and I can't help feeling that MacMillan would have increased the ballet's effectiveness had he considerably reduced the ballet's length. There is a constant tendency towards dramatic (not choreographic) repetition, and MacMillan spends far too much time in establishing his characters and his situation. This discursiveness does not add depth to the story, but rather blurs its focus.

The slow beginning with the climax of the girl's rape, quickly followed by her disillusionment with the Young Boy, is constructionally rather awkward — the effect being rather like a boxing match with rounds and rounds of cleverly attractive sparring and feinting, terminated by the swift conclusion of two knockout punches. The worst aspect of the ballet's construc-

CHANGE PARTNERS: While the Girl (Seymour) innocently dances with the married man (Doyle) in the picture on the left, the married woman (Heaton) seduces the young boy (Gable) in the picture on the right. *Photos: Dominic.*

SYMBOLIC DIVERSION: In the garden of the house, seen in Georgiadis's design above, a group of acrobats arrive to entertain their guests. Their performance is mainly concerned with the behaviour of cocks and hens. The principal acrobats (Audrey Farriss and Terry Westmoreland) are seen in the picture below.

Photos: Donald Southern and Houston Rogers.



tion is, however, MacMillan's introduction of very heavy symbolism, which adds nothing to the story and breaks up the narrative flow.

The undraped statues which play such an important part in the story, indicating as they do the Young Girl's state of mind, have been taken from a less crucial incident in the novel. MacMillan's use of these perhaps necessary props (I am not sure that he could not have suggested the girl's sexual feelings by purely choreographic means) is clumsy. These statues in effect symbolise "the facts of life", but MacMillan's second excursion into symbolism is even less convincing. Suddenly into this would-be realistically depicted house-party, atmospheric with the scent of relations and relationships, a troupe of completely non-realistic Acrobats are introduced, whose stylised dancing would appear to allegorise some aspects of the story and the whole mechanical business of sex as it is seen in this ballet. These strolling puppets are allowed to mingle with the guests, and eventually spark off a bacchanalian orgy, the like of which has not been seen since *Schéhérazade*. This middle-aged petting-party would be more repulsive were it more convincing.

I said earlier that this was a work in the tradition of Antony Tudor, and undoubtedly this is where some of its importance to the Royal Ballet repertory lies. However, whereas Tudor's method in *Lilac Garden*, or more particularly *Pillar of Fire*, is usually to fuse classical dancing with naturalistic gesture, MacMillan tends to let the two elements exist together in linked independence. Sometimes this method produces acting episodes of very great subtlety,

yet the danger is that the more successful they are, the more one loses the sense of watching a ballet and as a consequence misses the spoken word. A good example of this comes in a scene where the young people are dancing, watched by the grown-ups. The interplay of glances between the Young Girl, the Husband and his Wife, and the second relationship between the Wife and the Young Boy, is shown with an economy and conviction that would seem to owe a lot to film technique, but which I have never before seen in ballet, except in Lavrovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*. One has the strange sense of watching real people behind a thick glass window; unfortunately one sometimes finds oneself straining to hear what these people are saying.

MacMillan appears to have put a very great deal of thought into the entire ballet, trying to reproduce scenes with almost the novelist's eye. The scene where the children are waiting for their parents and their subsequent meeting is painted with a degree of detail that would have delighted the Victorian admirers of problem pictures. The canvas is crowded with significance; the children and their parents are each given an individual relationship, so that the peculiarly unpleasant little girl in green (home from St. Trinian's for the holidays) is momentarily shown as being starved of parental affection. This fragmentary scene is noted for about 15 seconds, the girl's psychological case-book closes with a tiny snap and those members of the audience who heard it might feel a glow of self-congratulation at their (and consequently MacMillan's) perception. But does this Pre-Raphaelite brushwork on the margin have much to do with the impressionist business of ballet? I wonder.

After the Oxford performances, when people who had not seen the ballet asked me what I thought about it, I found, in self-defence, I had to work out a formula reply. It never varied: "Most people loved it; I myself have serious reservations and I think it is far too complex; the performance was staggering and Seymour was marvellous; MacMillan's choreography ranges from the best he has ever done to the worst." Seeing the ballet again at Covent Garden confirmed my original impression, particularly regarding the marked disparity found in the choreography. I have hardly ever known a ballet that so indiscriminately mixed good choreography with bad.

To start with, almost everything MacMillan has created for the Young Girl is, without any reservation whatsoever, beautiful, evocative and supremely sensitive. Her two *pas de deux* with her young Cousin convey the quality and nature of young love, the fumbling, tentative entwining of hands and hearts with a naturalness and truth that more clearly than anything else he has previously done marks MacMillan out as potentially a great choreographer. The actual rape scene itself (which seems to owe a lot to the seduction scene in Balanchine's *The Prodigal Son*, and is none the worse for that) is brilliantly imaginative, although the self-pity and revulsion which follows it is less clearly delineated. The conclusion, with the Young Girl walking towards the falling curtain, is an old trick, but a good old trick, and the dancer carries it off memorably.

Compared with these passages much of the rest of the ballet is at a far lower level, even though the scene of the children's party is an almost total success of extended choreography. The dancing for the children — an ornately balleticised polka—is woven into the scene's dramatics with unforced authority. The contrast between their frisky, puppy-dog dancing and the pregnant pauses and side glances flashing between the principals like code, gives the scene that sense of detached truthfulness that is to be found in parts of *La Fête Etrange*. This is followed by a solo for the Girl and an extraordinarily subtle *pas de deux* for her and the Husband, one of those cross-purpose dances typical of Tudor, where the growing feelings of the two dancers blossom out menacingly with an air of impending disaster. This dance is so engrossing that not until it is over does one realise its dramatic implausibility — as though the Husband and the Girl would have danced with such abandon in company. Why, the man would never have been invited out into polite society again!

Against such choreographic highlights must be placed episodes such as the coarsely obvious *pas de deux* for the Husband and Wife, an empty and uninspired piece of marital bickering, or the obvious acrobatics of the seduction scene between the Wife and the Young Boy, where ingenuity so far outdistances inspiration that the result looks ludicrous. Not quite so ludicrous, however, as the chase-me-charlie orgy indulged in by the guests and "strictly guarded" elder sisters, where men and women pursue one another with a farcical intensity, coupling together like goods trains in a yard with a promiscuity that is merely laughable.

ENVIRONMENT FOR SEDUCTION: Nicholas Georgiadis's striking setting which suggests a dark lake and hanging branches. It makes an admirably atmospheric background for the violent drama played in front of it. *Photo: Donald Southern.*

INNOCENCE DESTROYED: Desmond Doyle and Lynn Seymour meet by the lake (in Dominic's picture above), their love-making becomes more violent (in Houston Rogers' picture below).

Worst of all is the choreography given to the Acrobats. These sad, unnecessary creatures, who seem to have nothing to declare but their pretensions, jiggle their way through a whole scene as if they were dancing in a student display devised by a very young choreographer deeply and grievously influenced by MacMillan's *Danses Concertantes*. When they come to perform their *divertissement* — a ritual dance of a hen and two cocks, similar in function to Cranko's ritual dances in Tippett's opera *A Midsummer Marriage* — the choreography contains a lot of grovellings, tumblings and press-ups, some of which were put to more purpose in *Solitaire*.

I realise that I have blown hot and cold about *The Invitation*, and now I am just about puffed out. The sober truth — as I see it — is that here locked inside what is basically a thundering bad ballet is basically a thundering good ballet. The whole thing is a most dreadful mix-up of styles—narrative styles, movement styles (the principals and adolescents are treated naturalistically, while the adults are often stylised, entering, for example, in a manner that recalls the entrance of the poor people in *Noctambules)*, and so much is overloaded, while even the understatement is overstated.

For all this — and my moral objections, which are of lesser importance, being personal to myself — choreographically passages of the ballet show an advance in MacMillan's style. He now uses classical dancing with the lyrical strength of an Ashton or Balanchine, and in the course of this long ballet there are moments of choreographic magic, breath-takingly expressive of positive and explicit character. It is good also that MacMillan should have felt impelled to have tackled a theme so uncompromisingly different from Covent Garden's usual fare.

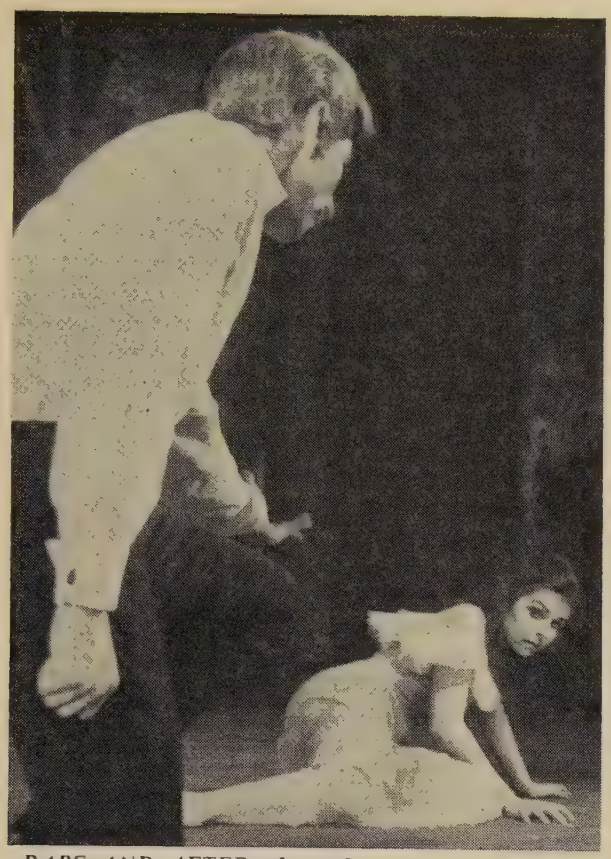
It would have been easy to have glossed over the faults of *The Invitation* and stressed only its virtues, but it would have been unfair to those very virtues I wish to praise. If, and I say this with all respect, only MacMillan would learn (perhaps remembering *Solitaire* and *The Burrow* one should say re-learn) two principles, he could immediately step into the world class. The principles are: "I must be simple; and, I am a choreographer, I am not a novelist, a film-director, a playwright or a painter, I am a choreographer, which is a kind of poet."

DANCING

ANY ballet that contains a rôle such as MacMillan has given Lynn Seymour is, on at least one level, a notable success, and Seymour has marvellously exploited every opportunity MacMillan has thrust into her hands. Her performance deserves to rank among the finest in post-war ballets.

Most dancers dance, and most dancers act; Seymour belongs to that very rare class that manage to identify themselves so much with the rôle that they are portraying that the two functions are indivisible and undistinguishable. Like Ulanova in *Romeo and Juliet* or Fonteyn in *Ondine*, Seymour does not portray a part, she becomes a person. This is not to equate her abilities with Ulanova's or Fonteyn's (at least not as yet), but her performance in *The Invitation* is a startling *tour de force*, which must have surprised even her warmest admirers.

The development of the character from hesitant immaturity to the final blank-faced disillusionment, is given with remarkable depth. The outlines have been put in by MacMillan's production and choreography (and put in, let it be said, with extra-



RAPE AND AFTER: Lynn Seymour and Desmond Doyle, as the husband and the young girl, in the final moments of the scene which shatters her youth. As the curtain falls, the girl is left alone (below right) to face the future. Photos: Dominic.

ordinary skill) and Seymour has filled them in with a quite artless artistry. The keynote of her portrayal, dancing or whatever you want to call it, is its naturalness and simplicity. Her body is incredibly expressive. As soon as she enters in a summer dress, wearing a large picture hat, and looking like a rounded *jeune fille* out of Renoir, she dominates the stage. She can give movements shades of meaning almost as precise as the intonation of speech. For example, in both her first *pas de deux* with her Cousin and in her dance with the Husband during the children's party, she has to express something of the same awareness of awakening, the same fears, the same uneasy thrill of unknown sensations, yet in each case she marks them with a different and entirely appropriate nuance that she has found partly in the choreography, but also partly given to the choreography from herself.

Her face is not what anyone would think of as expressive, yet her acting is so total, so whole-hearted, that her face cannot help mirroring her emotions, to such an extent that I do not think I am being over-imaginative when I say that at times its very bone-structure seems to change. This is a quite incredible performance, the subtlety of which can be measured by the way in which she flirts with the Husband — innocently flirts, and yet not quite innocently, so that a whole range of emotion is taken and specified.

This is Seymour's ballet almost as much as it is MacMillan's, but all the rest of the cast have been given fine acting opportunities. Christopher Gable's gaucheness as the cousin is part of a considerable portrait, so tender and sensitive, and so absorbed in his rôle that it is difficult to imagine him playing any other part — a quality he shares with Seymour and which should mark him out for future distinction.

Desmond Doyle's brooding Husband, a thin man, with thin emotions and thick passions, shows a fine quality of stillness, and has caught the natural cinematic style acting MacMillan seems to have demanded from his principals. If his final self-pity seems overdone (and its very theatricality is in character) this is one of the faults of the ballet, and elsewhere Doyle plays against Seymour — matching glance for glance — with an affable, but sinister maturity.

Anne Heaton has been given a more conventional *dame fatale* rôle, with a Bernhardt-style entrance and a Theda Bara-type manner of facial small-talk. As a character it is far too much of a type — a convenience to tidy up the story with a sub-plot — for Heaton to make much of it, although her strong, vibrant personality does its best.

Of the rest of the cast, it would be difficult to mention all who deserve it. Sheila Humphreys is neither old, nor experienced enough, to bring full value to the martinet governess, but Shirley Bishop makes a gracious and puzzled Mother.

Among the children and guests, there were a number of interesting performances, particularly perhaps Kathleen Geldard (as the horrible little girl in green), David Gordon, and, among the adults, Gordon Aitken and Alan Beale. Audrey Farriss, Terry Westmoreland and Colin Jones led the Acrobats well, dancing their unrewarding choreography with enthusiasm.

Clive Barnes.

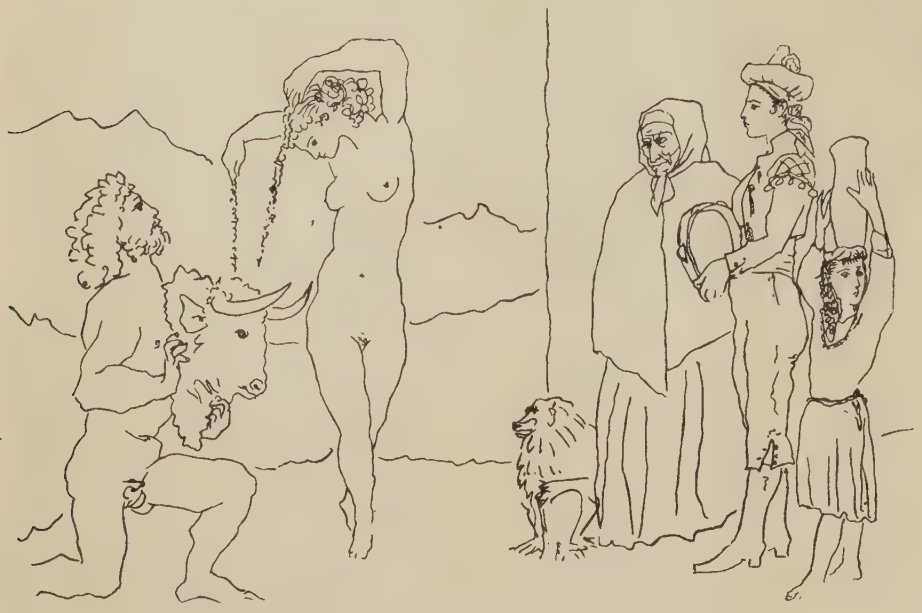
MUSIC

MATYAS SEIBER will be a new name to ballet audiences, except those who are also keen concert listeners. *The Invitation* is his first score for ballet, and

Continued on page 34

The 'Twenties and After

by
MARIO AMAYA



PABLO PICASSO: Banderilla Dance, *lithograph, 1925.*

IS it a coincidence that the world's greatest artists have all used the dance as a source of inspiration?

If we accept the fact that dance and art have travelled parallel paths through time, both expressing the societies that produced them more directly and spontaneously than any other art form, then perhaps it is not so much a matter of chance that the painter will seek out the world of the dance.

Most artists are interested in the human figure, particularly the human figure in motion — and a figure that is consciously involved in an effort of rhythmic movement, intent himself on achieving an art, would seem an even more likely subject to attract the ever-searching eye of the artist.

Through a long series of revolutions, the artist has now freed himself from any allegiance to the figure — or for that matter from any other recognizable image. As painting becomes more a matter of automatistic autograph, springing from the inner mind rather than from life about him, the artist has only his integrity to rely upon. And yet when seeking out his symbols, whether consciously or unconsciously, he still returns time and again to the theme of the dance.

Pablo Picasso is the most famous and influential abstract artist of our age. But rarely has the dance ever found its expression in the visual arts more dynamically than in the work of Picasso. For him, the dance has always been a major influence: it appears not only in the crucial moments of his art, but in the decisive moments of his life. It was his first ballet design, for Cocteau's *Parade* in 1917, that gave him his initial notoriety. His first wife, Olga Kokhlova, was a prima ballerina in the Ballets Russes. Above all, one of his closest friends was the impresario and director of the Russian Ballet, Serge Diaghilev, whose aesthetic was built on the belief in a volatile combination of dance adapted from popular ideas and sets designed from the ranks of the *avant garde* Montmartre experimenters.

Perhaps the three most important artists to fall into Diaghilev's orbit were the group from the *Bateau-Lavoir,* Georges Braque, Juan Gris and Picasso. Together, these friends were busy on a new form of visual language — eventually to be labelled Cubism — which sought to create a vocabulary of art that not only described what was actually seen, but what was known to exist as well. Thus, an apple or a face would be geometrically analysed to

THE DANCE IN ART: 2

show as many sides of the object as it possessed. This widening of the artist's vision was eventually to liberate him from pure illusionism, and create an atmosphere of experiment where anything in paint was possible.

While Stravinsky's "primitive" ballet *Sacre du Printemps,* produced by Diaghilev in 1913, pierced the jewelled ears of the Edwardian *haut-monde,* Picasso's fragmented images were shattering the lorgnettes of a myopic middle class. Picasso painted the world's first cubist picture in 1907 when he created the *Demoiselles d'Avignon.* But it was too full of experiments to succeed as a complete work of art. In the struggle to become himself through a new style, its many changes and unsolved problems produced a pregnant promise of things to come. That promise was fulfilled almost immediately by the *Dancer* of 1907 and the *Negro Dancer* of the same year, in which Picasso worked out with more confidence his earlier motifs.

In the first cubist works by Picasso there is a strong feeling for naked expression of African art. The brutal honesty of the *Negro Dancer* would in fact not have been possible without the example of primitive sculpture. But much of this was subsequently subverted in the static cubist pictures and in a surprising reversion to classical drawing.

It was not until 1925 that he once more picked up the thread of Expressionism that led him through a twisted labyrinth where at each turning the human body was ripped apart in a fury of excitement and then pieced together again to his own liking.

This preoccupation with harsh forms and grating colours does not seem strange in the destructive and fractured era of the twenties. The war had left a shambles of all the old traditions. A confused age that had been asked to fight for freedom now did not know what to do with it. The only rule left was that there was no rule. One way to escape from the pointlessness of existence was through gin and jazz. Vile bodies danced till dawn and ended up in a meaningless orgy of sex. The air was thick with frustration and satiety.

"Dance, dance, dance, little lady,
So obsessed
With second best,
No rest
You'll ever find . . ."

Joan Crawford won a Charleston contest and went on to become America's new idol of the silver screen. From cheap dance halls to fashionable night clubs, sentimental waltzes and leisurely two-steps were booted out the door by the kicks of the Charleston, which appeared almost spontaneously from the U.S. with the jerky and impersonal Fox Trot one-step and the hilarious and suggestive Black Bottom. Life was a crazy dance tune in two-quarter time, regulated by nothing but monotonous upbeats that left one wondering and waiting.

Diaghilev's comment was *Les Biches,* whose effortless sets by Marie Laurencin, light, jazzy Poulenc music and bored brothel atmosphere, all caught a distant reflection — as if in a smoky blue-glass mirror — of the sophisticated insouciance in an apathetic but *mouvementé* era.

Picasso's response was more vital and startling. His *Three Dancers* of 1925, cavorting in a wild frenzy of anxious release, broke the classic stillness of the *Banderilla Dance,* an etching he did the same year. The timeless tranquillity and heroic grandeur of his race of giantesses, two of which ran across the drop curtain for *Le Train Bleu,* was consciously destroyed by his new desire once more to use art as an emotional and primitive means of expression. The dancing trio was a compulsive assertion — for the first time since the excesses of German Expressionism — that art could function as a powerful, emotive medium rather than a means of discovering rational beauty. Here was Picasso's one consistent belief amid a welter of various styles; that painting should spring from the soul, fully armed, out of a need for self-expression, and transmit first and foremost the artist's unique vitality. Art was no longer to be pictography. That was better left to photographers. After all, had not Matisse once said, "L'exactitude n'est pas la verité"? Now Picasso would declare to the art dealer Kahnweiler: "We all know that art is not truth. Art is the lie that makes us realise the truth."

Pablo Picasso was one of the greatest artists ever to design for the Russian Ballet, creating a most beautiful set — perhaps one of the most beautiful sets ever designed — *Le Tricorne.* But the sharp-eyed Diaghilev, whose focus was fixed on Picasso, never lost sight of the other painters and schools of art that were emerging in Paris alongside the revolutionary ballets of Massine, Nijinska and Balanchine. While Picasso worked up his premonitions

of coming catastrophe into furious canvases of twisted and contorted humanity, Diaghilev employed every other artistic "ism" that had ever been invented. Cubism, Rayonism, Futurism, Constructivism, above all, Surrealism.

Although Surrealism did not really reach its apotheosis until the thirties, Diaghilev, before he died in 1929, had commissioned Tchelitchew's *Ode*, Georgio di Chirico's *Le Bal* and Joan Miró's *Romeo et Juliet*. Miró, along with Dali, was one of the chief creators of Surrealism, a movement that grew out of the nihilistic Dada group which had destroyed all art and then efficiently destroyed itself. But, whereas Dadaism was a conscious negation of accepted beauty, with the intention of making art ridiculous and irrational, Surrealism was a positive step towards turning the irrational and ridiculous into art. The Surrealists, particularly Miró, Dali and in some ways Hans Arp, were fascinated by the inner mind and its strange workings: Freudian theories, analysis of dreams and nightmares, sub-conscious behaviour, sex symbols, all were used as the raw materials for a strange new series of mnemonic signs which often had no meaning to anyone but the artist himself.

Hans Arp, one of the original founders of Dada, and one of the major Surrealists, believed that his works of art should be created "according to the laws of chance, rudimentary, irrational, mutilated, broken". He compared the artist to a tree that bore its own kind of fruit, which was the work of art, as an organic function of the mind. His *Dancer* of 1923-24, done in string and oil on canvas, predicted the heights that Surrealism would reach ten years later. The gay abandonment of form is one of his most delightful improvisations. Arp often created "free forms" to his liking, and then attached names or subjects to them afterwards. But it is hard to believe that while he played with this bit of string, he did not have dancing somewhere in his mind. The "figure" here throws up its legs and there is nothing more to denote its torso other than a perfectly placed oversize "navel".

The dance of the thirties was marked by Col. de Basil's company, which produced a series of controversial symphonic ballets, that relinquished plot and story for a pattern of abstract movements set to music *Les Presages* and *Choreatium* allowed one's mind to wander as it might through a Surrealist picture, picking up stray images that caught the imagination, and converting them into a personal meaning of one's own. The Ballet Jooss in Germany used stylised expressionist movements to explore realistic or symbolic themes. And in the cinema, supra-reality exceeded its own excesses, as Astaire and Rogers floated incredulously over plexiglass bridges in a Hollywood dream-world of golden gondolas.

But what else could one expect of the thirties? The disillusionment of the preceding decade, which looked back to the failure of the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations, gave way to dark despair as it became obvious to those who looked ahead that just on the horizon another war loomed. Wild, extrovert abandon of the bored twenties turned to withdrawn and self-reflective brooding or desperate escape into the unreal reality of the cinema. Race plotted to annihilate race, economic systems crumbled, life seemed to be taken out of the hands of humanity and placed in the maw of the machine.

Fernand Léger did not avoid the machine age by turning within himself. Instead, he faced it squarely and utilised the new shapes, forms and colours that it had produced. Although the mechanisation of life was reflected in his squares, triangles and scientific instruments, humanity somehow still had a chance, through gay, primary colours worked into the composition in repeated bands that created its own rhythms. In *The Graces*, the machine shares equal billing with the dancing couple. As some weird apparatus grinds on, so the dancers who have been reduced to a generalised amoebic shape, continue their *pas de deux* without concern. Léger turned from his earlier static forms to create a new humanity of movement with his dancers, acrobats and *plongeurs*. They might be devoid of physiognomy and name, but they were as real as the machine that had produced them. So concerned with the movements of wheels, cogs and motors was Léger that he produced the first film without scenario, called *Le Ballet Mécanique*, which was a kind of poem of pure movement.

After the alarming number of revolutions that had appeared in art, creating an atmosphere of misunderstanding, puzzlement and uncertainty, Léger's simple and direct approach to a complicated world of subtle analyses, abstract ideas and acquired cultures gave his art an added quality of freshness that had long been needed.

Unlike Léger, Klee hid from the brutal world of mechanics in a kindergarten of "doodles". However, he created much more

PABLO PICASSO: Three Dancers, *owned by the artist, 1925. ". . . the thread of Expressionism that led him through a twisted labyrinth where each turning of the human body was ripped apart in a fury of excitement and then pieced together again to his own liking."*

FERNAND LEGER: The Graces, *1930's (Collection of Rolf de Marê). Leger faced the machine age "squarely and utilised the new shapes, forms and colours that it produced."*

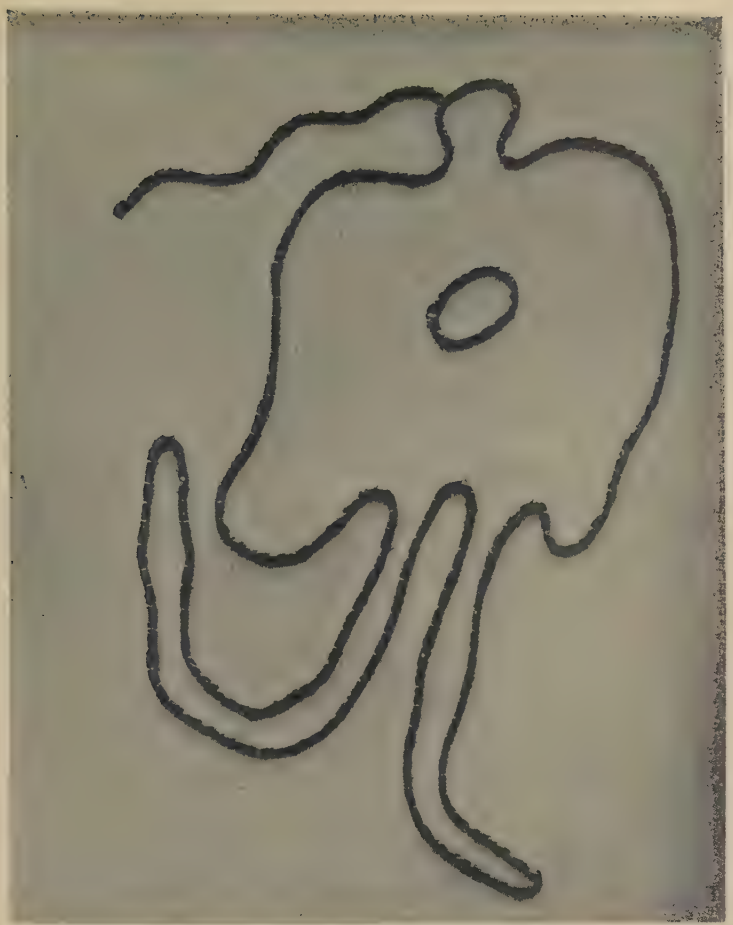
than mere childish scribbles. Although that is what they might look like at first, his art actually depended on a sensitive feeling for line, a unique sense of colour, and above all, a witty, satirical, gay humour. The *Dance Scene* of 1938 seems at first like nothing more than naïve stick-figure drawing. But here is the deception: a closer look at the prancing woman with her arms flung out in a defiant gesture has a subtle reflection in the two smaller background figures. The figure to the right, made up of arrows, gives the entire drawing some elusive sexual significance.

Paul Klee died during the first year of the war, just when Piet Mondrian was arriving in America. Mondrian, like a number of influential European artists, was to spend the duration in New York, inspiring American students with a wider perspective of the styles that had been developing in Europe. Mondrian's art was as impersonal as the war itself. Not only had he banished the figure, he also did away with any direct references to time or place that might start up some romantic image for the spectator. But although his new style was limited to the use of a rigid set of geometric patterns, he achieved a new freedom of language, in his own terms, that commented on the regimented, dehumanised way of life that had come into existence. And yet in *Broadway Boogie Woogie,* the cold abstractionism of this popular dance music carried to its most severe and absolute level, still has the power to communicate a throbbing pizzicato strain that produces the feeling of war-time American jive without any recognisable images. The repetition of coloured squares, in primary tones of yellow, red and blue, summarises what Mondrian himself called a dynamic rhythm and a "destruction of melody which is the equivalent of the destruction of natural appearances". His last finished painting, many feel *Broadway Boogie Woogie* is the highpoint of all his mature work.

Joan Miró did not come to America till after the war, preferring to stay in his native Spain, which has always been a source of his inspiration. In his *Spanish Dancer,* done in 1945, Miró plumbed the depths of his unconscious for the wild, dishevelled performer. Did these unconventional gestures have their roots in the *Sardana,* a Catalan dance that Miró knew well? Or is the suggestion that of a tossing gypsy *Flamenco*? In any case to look for concrete reality would be to miss the point of such a charming, carefree and liberal design. For Miró himself claimed the ideas for his pictures came to him in a "hallucination" and all he could do was to make personal notations of the phantasies that fled through his mind. It is his unusual imagination and giddy wit that breathes a divine spark into his fanciful forms.

Miró's playful humour and instinctive love of gay brightness had no parallel in the harried post-war period. The end of the most destructive conflict known to mankind came with a mushrooming atom bomb, that terrified not only vanquished but vanquisher. America was forced to give up its cosy isolation, and become the rich guardian of the Western world against the new fears of Communism. Proud but broken Europe may not have turned toward America, but it certainly welcomed her support and protection. This had a strange effect on U.S. art, since for the first time America was in a dominant position of influence, not only financially, but culturally.

Soon an overwhelming tide of American ideas washed on Europe's dejected shores. For the first time, the U.S., which had been searching desperately for a national idiom of identification, found exciting inspiration in the things around which the country had grown. Martha Graham danced an evocation of *Appalachian Spring* as well as Massachusetts witch-hunting in *Salem Shore.* Agnes de Mille summed up the open, breezy plains of the West with her

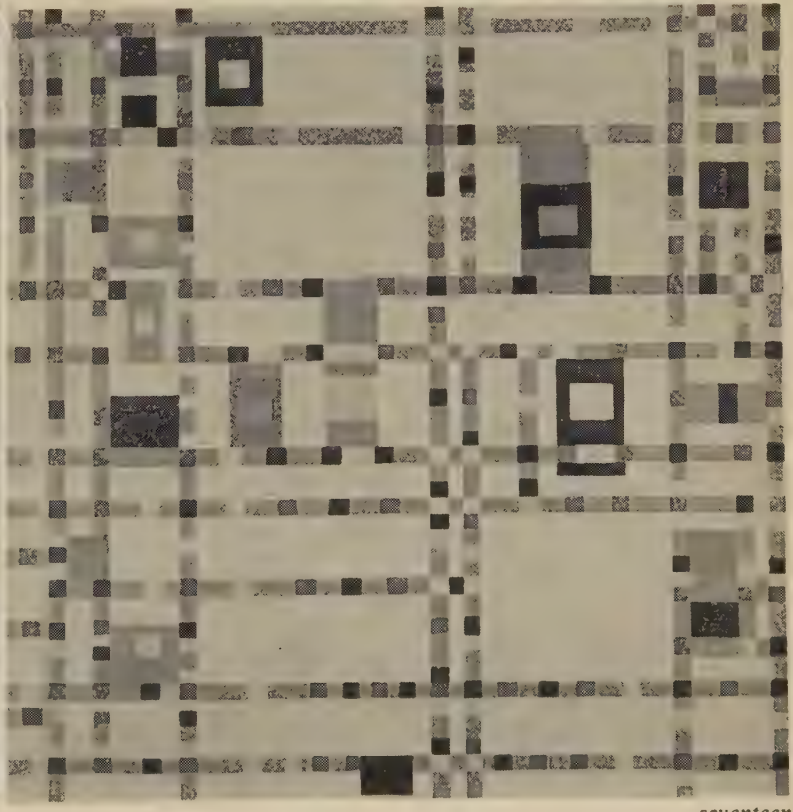


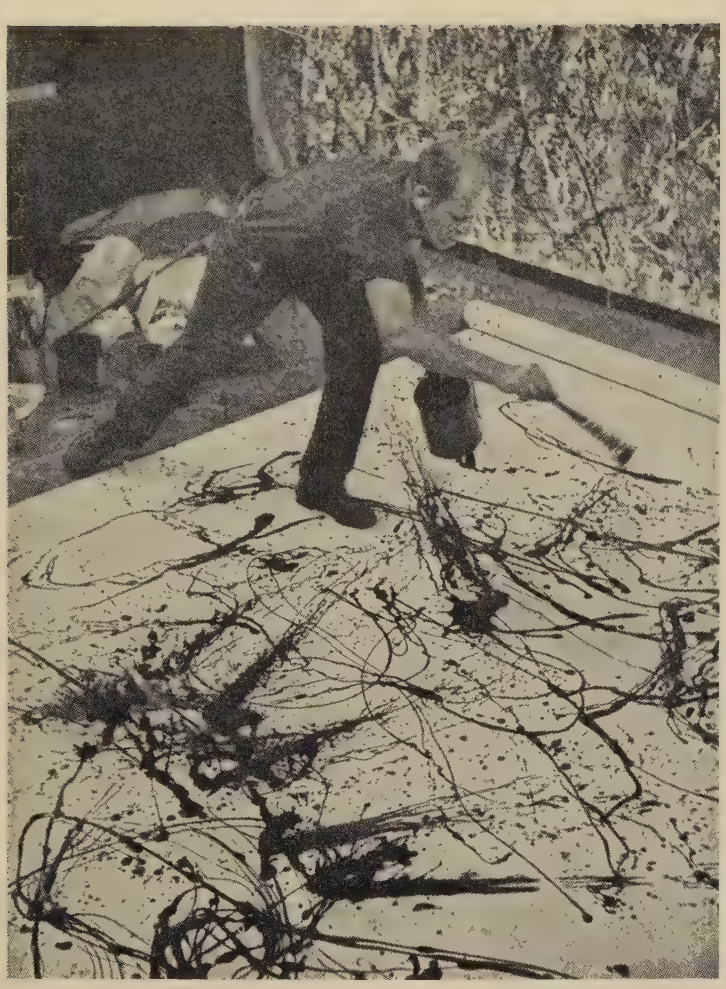
JEAN ARP (above): Dancer, *1923-24 (Sidney Janis Gallery, N.Y.). "The gay abandonment of form is one of his most delightful improvisations."*

JOAN MIRO (below): Spanish Dancer, *1945 (collection, Danel Saidenberg, New York). Miró "plumbed the depths of his subconscious for the wild, dishevelled performer".*

PAUL KLEE (above): Dance Scene, *1938. "A closer look at the prancing woman with her arm flung out in a defiant gesture, has a subtle reflection in the two smaller background figures."*

PIET MONDRIAN (below): Broadway Boogie-Woogie, *1942-43. "The cold abstractionism of popular dance music carried to its most severe and absolute level."*





JACKSON POLLOCK (left): The artist is seen painting his Number 32 *(Collection Lee Krasner Pollock) in the summer of 1950. This canvas "might be the dynamic tracings of a dancer's path through a field of space".*
JEAN DUBUFFET (right): Danse Brune, *1959 (Collection, Tooth Galleries). In a work in which a figure is constructed with banana skins, Dubuffet "somehow touches the beginning of time with his primitive dancing in unconcerned abandon".*

historic dances for the ballet *Rodeo.*

In New York, urban life throbbed through Jerome Robbins' *Fancy Free,* the first American ballet that combined tough, sexy, dynamic jive movements with classical ballet. At City Center, George Balanchine, who had begun his career under Diaghilev, produced an astonishing series of starkly abstract works, done in practice clothes against a black curtain, which accented the particularly athletic American body in ballets stripped of any emotional content whatsoever.

In art, the American painter had moved from an agrarian social realism into the same stark abstraction. In fact, he was so far from the figure or the subject that there seemed to be no link with reality, except the reality of the artist's own imagination which had created the canvas. Most of these works, known as abstract-non-objective-expressionist, were simply labelled *Number One,* or *Untitled,* or *Study I* or *Painting.* If the spectator was in a predicament as to what the point of the canvas was, often the artist himself had to admit he did not know what was in his mind when he began. It "just happened" in a spontaneous *action* of release that was an extension of his personality. This approach effectively absolved the artist from all responsibility of fixing a meaning or significance on to the picture.

If the artist in his rejection of an objective was not very conscious of the dance in art during the fifties, perhaps it was because he was too preoccupied with fears of humanity's ultimate self-destruction. There was no time left to worry about communication. As long as he could satisfy his egoistic self-expression, that was what really mattered. He would rather leave the interpretation of life to those scientists who were busy inventing its demise.

But try as he might, the painter still could not deny that instinctive feeling for rhythmic movement. It was too strong a drive to be subverted. Even if he labelled his pictures with numbers, the spectator could project his imagination into the soul of the artist through the canvas, and often find the theme of dance.

Jackson Pollock's canvases betray this sensitivity for dance movements. Woven together with swirls of spun enamel and aluminium paint, his enormous works seemed to encompass the very essence of the dance with their *arabesques,* their exciting *jetés,* their thrust and energy. *Number 32* might be the dynamic tracings of a dancer's path through a field of space.

Pollock created his immense works with dribbles and splatters of paint that were flung on to canvas laid down on the floor, which he danced around in a series of graceful gestures. The act of painting was like a primitive rite and the canvas was always called the *Arena.* His unique style was derived from the Navajo Indians, who had trained themselves through hundreds of years of practice to throw coloured sands on to the ground in rhythmic movements, in order to make religious images that were believed to possess magical qualities.

Primitive drives also mean much to Jean Dubuffet of the Paris school, who still uses some vague reference to the image in his work. Dubuffet once said, "I believe very much in the values of savagery. I mean: instinct, passion, mood, violence, madness." And true to his creed, often his work seems to be the wild creation of a savage. One of the most important painters to come out of the post-war French tradition of cynicism, that began with the early *Misérabilisme* of Buffet, and Sartre, and found its complete expression in ballets such as *Jeune Homme et la Mort.* Disgusted with the world about him, Dubuffet returned to basic motives of the human animal. He used bits of bark, rotten leaves, decayed fruit, and even dried excrement, to build up his strange primates. In *Danse Brune,* done in 1959, he constructed his figure with banana peels stuck on to a background of compost. As simple as his materials are, Dubuffet somehow touches the beginning of time, with his primitive dancing in unconcerned abandon. We are transported back to some tribal ritual where basic movements expressed universal feelings of joy or fear.

Dubuffet has at last brought us full circle. Man is once more attempting to express his existence and continuance on earth, not only through the act of the dance, but by the act of artistic creation, raising him above the level of the beast.

Japan in London

LONDON has already seen Japanese dance and theatre groups and a Kabuki company came to Covent Garden a few years ago. Now at the London Coliseum we are to see another aspect of Japan's dance, a lighter side, when the Toho company from the Nichigeki Theatre in Tokyo presents its spectacular revue — *Tokyo 1961.*

Revues of this kind, and this one has eighty performers, have been popular in Japan for a long while, and are as much a part of Japanese theatre life as is, say, the Casino de Paris or the Folies-Bergère in Paris. Their scenes are immensely spectacular (it was in Japan that the revolving stage was first used), full of colour and given with the taste that is inherent in everything to do with the theatre of that country.

One of the most prominent features of these revues is the dancing, and this varies between scenes based on traditional classic Japanese dance to modern dance and mass *corps de ballet* routines. In addition to dances given during New Year celebrations in old Tokyo, dances for the Cherry Blossom Festivals, Temple Dances from Kyoto and peasant dances from the paddy fields, there are Japanese versions of famous ballet classics. One of these is an Oriental version of *Don Quixote,* and another sees *Swan Lake* in a quite contemporary idiom much in the same way that *Romeo and Juliet* was treated in *West Side Story.*

Although of a lighter nature than much of what the average ballet-goer sees, there should be plenty to bring the exotic to London's dance world, a feature it has singularly lacked during the past several months. This, incidentally, is the first visit to Europe of the Toho company, and it bears no relationship to other Japanese revue companies that have been touring around.

The three pictures on this page give some idea of *Tokyo 1961's* spectacular nature and of the beautiful costumes. The picture, centre right, is of the cygnets in the modern version of *Swan Lake.*

New York : Mid Winter

Balanchine's New York City Ballet puts on a Jazz programme — Antony Tudor choreographs opera at the Metropolitan Opera House — Michael Kidd choreographs Wildcat **with Lucille Ball at the Alvin Theatre.**

by ARTHUR TODD

New York City Ballet's 'Jazz Concert'

THE first of the New York City Ballet's excursions into the jazz idiom during its recent 1960-1961 winter season was devoted to re-creations of four scores composed by Europeans between the years 1918 to 1946. These were *Ragtime,* by Igor Stravinsky (1918); *La Création du Monde,* by Darius Milhaud (1923); *Les Biches,* by Francis Poulenc (1923); and *Ebony Concerto,* by Igor Stravinsky (1946). Obviously all of these scores were inspired by the syncopation inherent in real American jazz, but the basic beat and the results were a thin and arid derivation of the true essentials of our native-born Negro-inspired jazz. Because of this, perhaps, each of these scores sound dated and in a strange, unfashionable way. As a result, the choreographers concerned, with one exception, appear to have been caught between two periods of time and style and have not come up with ballets that might even be termed temporarily chic. This may also be blamed on the fact that jazz and classical ballet are two disparate elements and, like oil and water, may never mix.

Oddly enough, the most interesting of the four ballets was *Les Biches* as choreographed by Francisco Moncion, who is far too young to have seen the original version. What he has provided, however, is an extremely striking *pas de deux* for two young members of the company, Sara Leland and Anthony Blum, and they dance it very winningly indeed. Certainly the emergence of these two young and delightful personalities is the high-spot among these four ballets, and Moncion, as always, develops subtle and interesting characterisations and moods between his performers so that there is always something additional to merely dancing going on the stage during one of his works.

George Balanchine's *Ragtime,* set to Stravinsky's 1918 score and featuring Diana Adams and Bill Carter, was a jazzy little music visualisation in period costumes in front of a show boat drop curtain that was an extreme opposite to the ravishing designs he created earlier this season for his by now historic *Liebeslieder Walzer.* After the first performance, *Ragtime* was performed in practice costume on a bare stage, but it still remains a slight work.

For his version of Darius Milhaud's *Creation of the World* (1923), Todd Bolender traces the story of man, in this case Adam and Eve, down through the ages, to the 1920's in a manner that reminded some of Doris Humphrey's wonderful use of this device in her satirical *The Story of Mankind.* However, in his 1920 section, which

JAZZ CONCERT: *Two incidents from the programme of jazz put on by New York City Ballet.*
Top left, Janet Reed and Edward Villella in Todd Bolender's version of Milhaud's La Création du Monde.
Bottom left, Anthony Blum and Sara Leland in Francisco Moncion's version of Poulenc's Les Biches.
Photos: Martha Swope.

reminded me of a sort of reverse switch on *The Seven Deadly Sins,* Bolender uses the always delightful Janet Reed to represent a kept chorus girl whose jewels and possessions are all snatched away with the 1929 stock market crash and she is left with her true love, a street sweeper, danced by the ebullient Edward Villella. Despite the winning performances of Reed and Villella, this is hardly a ballet at all and one can capture its total essence at first viewing.

John Taras' *Ebony Concerto,* Stravinsky (1946), a lesser *Interplay,* appears to be derivative and its chief interest is in the fact that its first section is danced in silhouette against a bright background. The whole thing appeared to me about as fresh and as inspired as a dance number from a Hollywood musical of the 1930's.

Aside from Francisco Moncion's contribution, however, I have nothing but praise for the creative scenery and lighting devised by David Hays and admiration for the manner in which Robert Irving and the New York City Ballet Orchestra got all they could out of the scores with which they had to contend.

The last major première of the New York City Ballet's season was *Modern Jazz,* with choreography by George Balanchine, to the music of Gunther Schuller. Presented too late for review in this issue, this ballet featured Diana Adams, Melissa Hayden, John Jones, who was in Jerome Robbins' "Ballets: U.S.A.", and Arthur Mitchell. Guest artists who took part in this were the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Gunther Schuller was guest conductor of this music, which was claimed to demonstrate jazz of the present moment, written and played by its most advanced exponents.

Antony Tudor at the Met.

THE most important dance news of the month occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House with the premières of Antony Tudor's choreography for *Alcestis* and *Tannhauser.* Tudor, who is artistic director of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet, has also been director of the Metropolitan Ballet School since 1950-51, and, in the course of this time, has developed some extremely talented ballet dancers.

ALCESTIS: *The model for the setting and the realisation of Act I, Scene I, of Gluck's* Alcestis *at the Metropolitan Opera House. This opera production has choreography by Antony Tudor and was designed by Michael Manuel, who was for many years assistant stage manager for the Royal Ballet from 1950. In 1957, Manuel became executive stage manager at the Met.*

Photos: Louis Melancon.

The revival of Gluck's *Alcestis,* marking the début of Eileen Farrell with this opera company, with new choreography by Antony Tudor and a new production designed and staged by Michael Manuel, was indeed an outstanding event on all counts. (Michael Manuel, incidentally, came to the Met. via the Sadler's Wells Ballet. His association with them commenced in 1950, when he was assistant stage manager, and he was responsible for many technical details during the company's tours of America. However, he became executive stage manager of the Met. in 1957 and, in addition to *Alcestis,* he is also in charge of this season's productions of *Wozzeck* and *Simon Boccanegra.)*

Since Antony Tudor is one of our greatest living choreographers, any work that he touches is therefore of considerable note. Happily, for all concerned, Tudor's contributions to *Alcestis* are among his most inspired in any field in the last decade and, in consequence, are among the most distinguished in the Metropolitan Opera's last nine years. Quite apparently Tudor, as choreographer, and Michael Manuel, as designer-stager, were in complete accord on the treatment of this opera, and their new version is truly lyric theatre — a synthesis of music, voice and movement. The stepping off point in this production is the plastic conception of this opera that appears to be derived from Rodin, although, in actuality, it seems to be more Etruscan than Greek. The use of the body in movement is immensely important for both singers and dancers, and the opera, in its entirety, was approached as an art work and not as a realistic theatre piece.

In the first scene, Tudor has devised some freize-like sections that are related to the setting, the stage space and the mood of the opera. Later, there is a rural folk dance that makes stunning use of three musicians, and these rôles were performed notably by Wally Adams, Jeremy Blanton and Ron Sequoio. The major ballet, in Act III, which serves as an apotheosis to the opera, has a serenity, simplicity and musicality that is gloriously attuned to the opera. This ballet was headed by Edith Jerell and Bruce Marks. Marks, incidentally, is the outstanding talent in the male wing of the Met's company of dancers, and much may be expected from him in future.

Throughout *Alcestis* there are many instances where dance movement and the staging of the vocal scenes are so admirably integrated that it was indeed difficult to discern the difference between the singers and the dancers. Twelve handmaidens, in addition, who were dancers, have been added in Act 1, and in the temple scene the four priestesses were also dancers. Everywhere, as a matter of fact, the heightened use of music and gesture was noticeable, and for this, as well as for his major dance contributions, there can be nothing but praise for Antony Tudor and to the Metropolitan Opera for mounting such a stunning production.

Antony Tudor was also responsible for the staging of the Venusberg scene in the opening act of *Tannhauser,* and here he has provided far from classical and hardly incidental choreography that would no doubt make the sacrosanct stage of the old Met. sizzle were most of it discernible. As it was, the muted and changing patterns of the lighting, more reminiscent of Radio City Music Hall than the Met., kept the voluptuous choreography at what might be termed a respectable, opera house level. Elsewhere, it must be added, Tudor made beautiful use of soloists Pina Bausch, Audrey Keene and Carole Kroon as three graces. Conductor George Solti, in his début, enhanced the proceedings considerably.

Thus far this season, the only other new choreography at the Met. has been Todd Bolender's integration of the dancers (it could hardly be termed choreography) into

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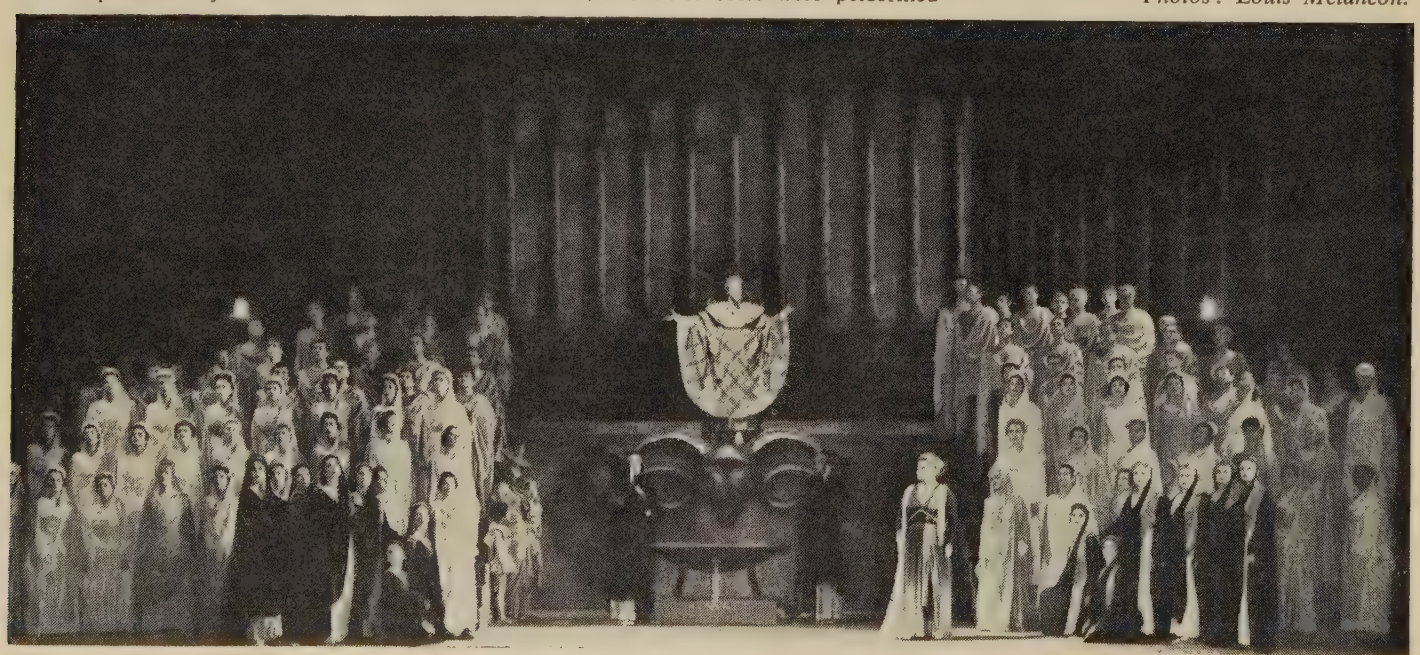
ALCESTIS: *Top left, Edith Jerell as the soloist in one of Tudor's ballets.*

Below, Act 1, scene 2, with Eileen Farrell as Alcestis and Walter Cassell as the High Priest.

Photos: Louis Melancon.



WILDCAT : Scenes from the new musical at the Alvin Theatre.
Top left, Michael Kidd rehearsing the girls, who are seen in the picture on the right.
Middle right, the male dancers in the "Tall Hope" number which ends the first act.
Bottom right, Lucille Ball with Swen Swenson (left) in the "El Sombrero" number from Act 2.
Photos : Friedman-Abeles.

the gay and delightful new production of Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore.*

Michael Kidd's Wildcat

AS director-choreographer of *Wildcat,* Michael Kidd has, quite literally, underplayed dancing save for the scenes where he felt it advanced the action or carried the book and characters forward. Set in a border town between Mexico and Texas in 1912, the book provides Kidd with a wonderful song and dance for men towards the end of Act 1, entitled "Tall Hope" that captures the spirit and movement of oil drillers and ranch-hands. And in Act 2 there is a perfectly knock-out major dance number, "El Sombrero," that is the high-point of the musical. Even Lucille Ball, who is by no means a dancer, nor, for that matter, a singer either, aids in bringing this bouncing Mexican hat dance scene to exciting theatrical life. Elsewhere, of course, Michael Kidd's inimitable touch is apparent in the staging of all the song and musical numbers. Though the Broadway musical theatre season is by now half over, we still have not had a musical comedy that approaches overall perfection. In this instance, one certainly cannot blame Michael Kidd for the fact that neither book, lyrics nor music were up to his level. However, one can commend him for assembling the most expert dance ensemble of the year. The dance soloists were Swen Swenson and Al Lanti, but a little dark-haired girl in the *corps,* Penny Ann Green, actually danced off with the honours of this musical. Other dancers included Robert Bakanic, Barbara Beck, Mel Davidson, Valarie Harper, Lucia Lambert, Ronald Lee, Jacqueline Maria, Wendy Nickerson, Frank Pietri, Bill Richards, Adriane Rogers, John Sharpe, Gerald Teijelo and Marsha Wagner. Shelah Hacket was programmed as assistant to Michael Kidd.

High-Hat Occasion

The Gala Matinee which Dame Margot Fonteyn, assisted by Marie Rambert and Colette Clark, organised in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing at the Drury Lane Theatre on December 8, turned out to be London's dancing event for 1960.

by PETER WILLIAMS

IN the late 'twenties and early 'thirties it was the *Midnight* matinée. At the time when Cinderella was due to leave the ball that was when the most notable entries in Debrett, legendary names from the stage and the recently vociferous "silver" screen and what were called Bright Young Things, would congregate to view some spectacle which then carried on until three or four in the morning. In those days it was all considered to be very smart. Today, when not to work is a crime punishable by the sort of fate once only metered out to lepers, a Midnight matinée is less possible, is most un-chic and has become as uninteresting as the Gala film première, which is Non-U (in antiquated Mitford English) and Out (in just slightly less antiquated Benton/Schmidt American).

Even the word "matinée" has become a bit absurd, as in most theatres these spectacles take place after tea instead of after luncheon. Yet those of us who can remember the afternoon matinée think back on them with a certain nostalgic affection. There was something very cosy about them, something unhurried and leisurely. There was always a smell of fur, in the winter, and there was always a smell of expensive but discreet scent. Then there was the coming out into a transformed London with the early dusk and the flickering electric signs — and the tea at Gunters or Fullers'. The matinée, in many of our young lives, was an occasion. What is more, ladies, respecting the fact that others might want to see the piece apart from themselves, wore what were called matinée hats (nobody would be seen dead without a hat in those days) — those close-fitting skull cap affairs were made of silk, feathers or ribbons and they obstructed the view of those behind even less than a head of unhatted hair.

In our time it is Dame Margot Fonteyn who has brought back dignity and chic to the afternoon matinée, and the one she organises each year to raise funds for the Royal Academy of Dancing has now turned out to be the most important event of the ballet winter and even, certainly as far as 1960 London was concerned, the ballet year.

For months she, together with Marie Rambert and Colette Clark, searches the world for stars who have not been seen in England for some time — or possibly never at all. No sooner is one gala matinée over than these people start to collect dancers for the one in the following year. Such is the respect for Fonteyn, that dancers willingly accept, are honoured to do so, and what is more, dance for no fee. Many of the foreign dancers have little idea of the nature of the charity for which they are dancing, because Fonteyn's name is guarantee enough.

"What are you doing in England?" one of the dancers was asked by a customs official when he arrived. "Oh, dancing for charity," he replied, "probably in aid of some poor children. It usually is." In fact this is not far off the mark as it might seem because, to use Fonteyn's own words, "The R.A.D. guarantees that thousands of young children all over the world receive proper training at an early age and are not ruined by ignorant teachers who force them to do things they shouldn't. And this seems a very worthy charity to me." And I think all of us will agree with her, for it is absolutely essential for the future of ballet that the young have the right training from the very start and are not forced up on to full point at a tender age, which can possibly ruin their feet for life.

In a quiet friendly way which is a façade for such efficiency that it makes most impresarios look like a bunch of amateurs, Fonteyn goes about getting this matinée together. She collects the dancers to appear before members of the Royal family, most of the diplomatic corps and an audience that willingly pays up to ten guineas a seat — and the result is that the work of the R.A.D. is annually richer by over £6,000.

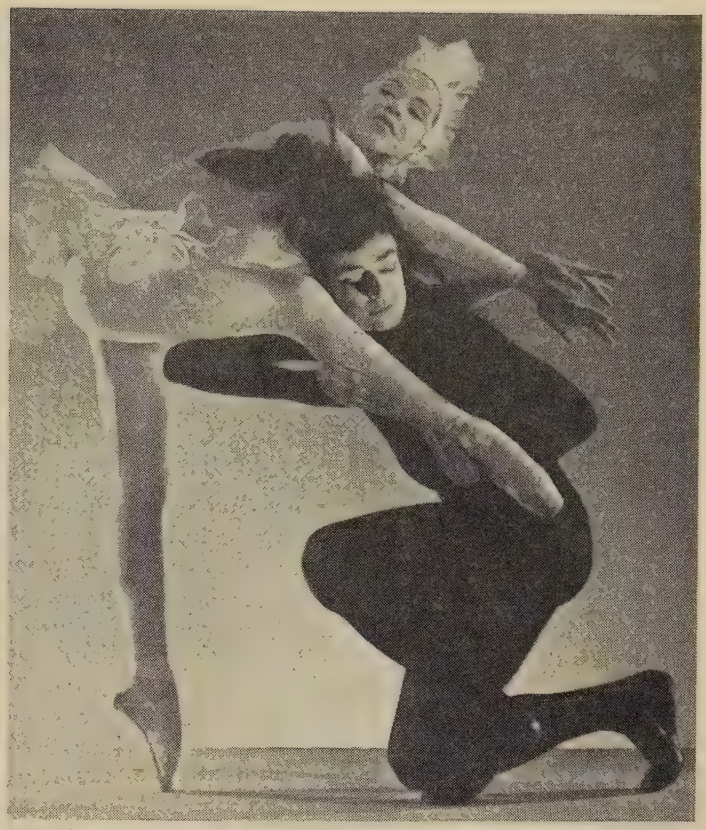
Usually we have pretty rude things to say about galas that are organised in London and memory of these occasions over the past few years conjures up a procession of some of the most irritating and dreary evenings ever spent in the theatre. However, none of the matinées organised by Fonteyn come in this procession but form a little glittering group all on their own, and this year's seemed to me to be the best balanced and most glittering of the lot.

By 2.45 p.m. the foyer of the Drury Lane Theatre, where Charles II was once enchanted by the orange-selling Mistress Nell Gwynn, became a display of the most amazing millinery. This year more towering than ever and of such an elaborate nature that nobody could have the face to ask anyone to obey the old programme command — "patrons are kindly asked to remove their hats". By the time the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Mr. Anthony Armstrong-Jones entered the Royal Box at 3 o'clock, the hats, plus those under them and accompanying them, had moved into the auditorium — and the next spectacle, the one on the stage, began.

It has been a practice in this magazine never to criticise adversely those who give their services to charity — it seems downright ungenerous to deliver a "bronca" to those who have sacrificed so much in a charitable cause — however this year there need be no holding back because everything was good and some of it superlative.

It has become a tradition at these

HOSTESS AND GUESTS: Margot Fonteyn, right, with her guest from America, Maria Tallchief (centre) and from France, Nina Vyroubova (left). Photo: Marion.



MORE GUESTS: Erik Bruhn, who came from the Royal Danish Ballet to dance Black Swan *with Maria Tallchief.* *Photo: Maurice Seymour.*

Right, Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine, who came from Paris to dance his horse ballet — Idylle. *Photo: Liseg.*

matinées that the programme should open with a work given by R.A.D. students; it has almost become a tradition as well that this piece should be choreographed by Meriel Evans. This year the students went to the seaside, accompanied by some Bizet music from his *Jeux d'Enfants*; they went, in fact, to *Brittany Beach*. This locality gave them ample excuse for indulging in eurythmic-like movements with beach balls. To arrange ballets for students, specially for a ballet that is to be shown in a programme with some of the world's greatest dance stars, is not easy. With the experience she has gained in the past, Meriel Evans now knows just what to do. This *divertissement* was not too long, the groups were well arranged with a good floor pattern and all the movements had a natural easy flow and nothing was too ambitious. In fact just the way to get young dancers used to the feel of the stage in a way that gave the audience neither the tedium nor embarrassment invariably attendant on such occasions.

These potential stars of the future were immediately followed by their President and one of the most established stars working in a British company today, and Margot Fonteyn, with typical unselfishness, placed herself in the worst position on the programme. The *pas de deux* from the Stravinsky/Fokine *The Firebird* is less of a concert piece than is the *pas de deux* from either the Balanchine or Lifar versions of the same ballet, yet this Fokine version is so much more right for Fonteyn's particular histrionic quality. At Drury Lane it was far easier to see the terrified beady eye of the captured bird than it is at Covent Garden with its deep auditorium. Both she and Michael Somes, as the Prince, gave the extremely distinguished performance we have come to expect from them and which they have never failed to give.

The Ballet Rambert contribution included excerpts from Frank Staff's witty *Czernyana* with a guest artist in the form of John Gilpin, making a welcome return to the company which originally gave him a stage and which provided the first step in his rapid and deservedly successful climb to international fame. In the *pas de deux, Nuages,* he partnered Lucette Aldous, and then both of them danced a variation. This together with two items for the company — *Visions* and *Finale* — made a most admirable addition to any gala. Aldous was adorable, dancing with immense charm and with a technical precision that never made technique something divorced from unaffected artistry. Gilpin, not dancing the variation originally choreographed for him by Staff but one which seemed to combine certain elements from other dances not given in this particular performance, showed

Continued on page 33

FROM BRAZIL: Ballet de Rio de Janeiro, who came specially all the way from Brazil to dance Nina Verchinina's ballet, Zuimaaluti. *Elza Garcia Galvez is seen, above, in the title rôle.*

BALLET RAMBERT IN MALTA: Ballet Rambert flew to Malta during Christmas week to re-open the Manoel Theatre as a National Theatre of Malta. The restored theatre is seen in the picture on the right and is one of the oldest theatres in Europe, having been built in 1731. Lucette Aldous and Kenneth Bannerman are seen taking a curtain call after the performance of Coppélia *on the opening night.*

curtain up!

Honour for Jackson

THIS year's only ballet name was hidden so far down the New Year's Honours list that before they came to it, most people had decided that ballet had been entirely overlooked this time.

But there, among the Commonwealth lists, was the familiar name of Rowena Jackson — M.B.E. "for services to New Zealand ballet". It is true, of course, that almost all her services to ballet were carried out far from the shores of her native land because it was in England, with the Royal Ballet, that she rose to fame, but it is something that a New Zealand girl has been a ballerina in Britain's number one company.

I don't think that there is any need to be less sincere in congratulating Rowena Jackson on her honour if I say that there are also a lot of other Commonwealth dancers who have done their share in making ballet known and honoured, some of them under very difficult conditions, and whose work has not yet been recognised in this way. In fact Australia, South Africa and Canada have all played a major part in making British ballet become one of the most vital artistic forces in both their own countries and also in Great Britain.

New home for Cranko

IT came as a great surprise to many people when it was announced that John Cranko would take up the post as director of dance at the Stuttgart Opera House. It appears that he will be there for at least two years and probably very much longer. On second thoughts this is a very good move indeed because Cranko has a great talent that most certainly will be given a greater chance of developing fully in a company where he has complete control. It was after his highly successful production of his *The Prince of the Pagodas* that the theatre made this approach to him. He tells me that the theatre intends to mount four new productions a year and that one of these will be a classic, the other a creation by himself and the other two will be creations by visiting choreographers. Already he is planning a production of *The Lady and the Fool,* and he has more or less extracted promises from Dame Ninette de Valois (for possibly *Checkmate),* Kenneth MacMillan (for possibly *Solitaire)* and Frederick Ashton to mount works. There is also every likelihood that some of the Royal Ballet's stars will dance there as guests. But this does not mean that Stuttgart is going to become just a corner of the Royal Ballet in Germany, because Cranko also has plans for inviting choreographers and dancers from all over the place. In many ways it is history repeating itself, because it was to Stuttgart that Noverre once went, in another century, and where he did so much of his finest work.

The genuine sorrow that all of must feel at Cranko's departure from England — where his work has been always lively, provocative and extremely varied — is tempered with the knowledge that he is back again properly in ballet and that he will be getting the chance to do the kind of thing that he did during the early years of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.

The present dance director in Stuttgart, Nicholas Beriosoff, has returned to the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas, with which company he was ballet master for many years before taking up his position in Stuttgart.

New home for Trecu

ANOTHER member of the Royal Ballet, one who started with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet around the same time as did Cranko, is leaving to take up an important position overseas. Owing to persistent trouble from a leg injury sustained some years ago, Pirmin Trecu left the Royal Ballet last year. After a much deserved holiday in his native Spain, he returned to England and took over a number of jobs — arranging dances for the beautiful *Romeo and Juliet* at the Old Vic, in films, in *Carmen* at Covent Garden and for a pantomime with Jessie Matthews at the Bristol Old Vic. Now he is leaving England to become dance director at the Opera House in Oporto, Portugal.

Many of the members of the Covent Garden audience, with whom Trecu had always been very popular, were most disappointed that Trecu left without them having a chance of saying farewell. Now they have that chance, for Dame Ninette de Valois has invited him to appear as the Country Boy in Andrée Howard's *La Fête Etrange* at the Royal Opera House on January 27. Almost immediately after that he leaves to take up his new post.

Bad luck for Braunsweg

JUST when London's Festival Ballet had done so much to ensure a continuation of the remarkable progress they have made since last summer, it seemed a pity that Dr. Braunsweg had to face a temporary setback. The two young Bolshoi stars, Maximova and Vassiliev, who had been announced as guests in *The Nutcracker,* were unable to come at the last moment. However, never daunted, Julian Braunsweg immediately produced, as if out of a hat, a charming guest artist from Hungary — Zsuzsa Kun. This principal ballerina from the State Opera House in Budapest is Russian-trained, speaks English fluently which she has mainly learned from reading English ballet books and magazines — despite this she is also very intelligent! Altogether she has proved to be a most welcome guest whom we should be pleased to see dancing here at any time she can get away from her own company.

Unfortunately Dr. Braunsweg's troubles

did not end here, because Bourmeister, who is going to choreograph the full-length *The Snow Maiden* for the company, was reported sick. Without further ado, Dr. Braunsweg sent his general administrator, Benn Toff, to Russia to find out whether this was in any way going to upset the very exacting schedule that had been worked out. Even so trouble struck again, because Toff's departure was delayed by a strike at London Airport.

Still, the important thing is that the company leaves no stone unturned in trying to get what it wants, and this ability would seem to ensure that it will go on to new strengths.

Briansky for Moscow?

OLEG BRIANSKY, now returned to the stage after his knee injury which kept him from dancing for a few years, is back with London's Festival Ballet, and it seems that he is likely to stay.

If all goes as he hopes, however, he is likely to be missing temporarily towards the end of the year, for he would like to accept an invitation to go to Russia to partner the illustrious Olga Lepeschinskaya.

She saw him dance at a festival and her idea apparently is that he should appear with her at the Bolshoi in *Don Quixote* and *The Flames of Paris* before they undertake together a concert tour of Russia.

A good many ballerinas from the West have been welcomed in the Soviet ballet theatres, not the least among them being our own Nadia Nerina, but for a male dancer to be invited in this way is a rare distinction indeed. However, Caj Selling, from the Royal Swedish Ballet, stayed for a season in Moscow and there are rumours that Erik Bruhn may go as guest artist in the Spring.

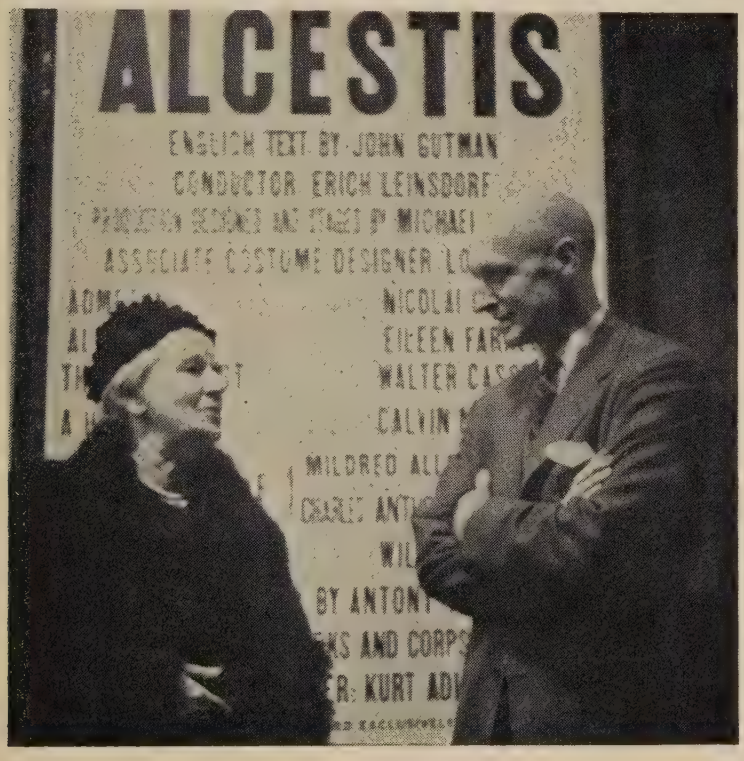
New faces from America

AT the beginning of February the touring section of the Royal Ballet gets back from the States (yes, I know that the *other* part of the company is usually called that, and how absurd these descriptions are!), and very pleased we shall be to have them back. They have done a pretty thankless task with all their usual efficiency. One thing that does emerge from these tours, apart from the money gained to mount new operas, is the number of new faces to be seen in some rôles. Certain dancers who joined the company at the beginning of the tour have been taking some quite important parts in the U.S.A.

In addition to this, London has not yet seen Alfred Rodrigues' *Vivaldi Concerto*, created for the Royal Danish Ballet about a year ago, and which the Royal Ballet has been giving in its *divertissement* programme across the States. Also new to London will be the new production of *Giselle* (first given and acclaimed in New York) and for which Tamara Karsavina helped to reproduce many scenes she remembered from the St. Petersburg production. So all in all there should be a number of novelties to sustain our interest during the usually fallow period which inevitably seems to follow any extensive tour of this nature.

happy birthday to...

		February
Sandra Short	Ballet Rambert	23
Solange Golovine	De Cuevas International Ballet	24
Doreen Eastlake	The Royal Ballet	25
Todd Bolender		27
		March
Jill Bathurst		1
Eileen Ward	Teaching in London	3
Dorothea Zaymes	The Royal Ballet	4
Earl Kraul	Canadian National Ballet	5
Valerie Marsh	Ballet Rambert	7
Leslie White	Teaching in Australia	10
Tamara Karsavina		10
Stella Orton	London's Festival Ballet	12
Ursula Moreton	Royal Ballet Organisation	13
Pirmin Trecu	The Opera House, Oporto	13
Igor Youskévitch	Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo	13
Barry McGrath	London's Festival Ballet	16
Jocelyn Terrell	Canadian National Ballet	16
Anna Delaney	London's Festival Ballet	16
Walter Trevor	In New Zealand	17
Jeanette Cassells	Canadian National Ballet	18
Ray Powell	The Royal Ballet	20
Vladimir Skouratoff	London's Festival Ballet	22
Rowena Jackson	In New Zealand	24
Lilian Jarvis	Canadian National Ballet	25



MARIE RAMBERT IN AMERICA: While her ballet company was in Malta, Rambert paid a visit to New York on her way to visit her daughter Lulu in Trinidad. Here she is seen with one of the choreographers she created, Antony Tudor. They are seen outside the Met. where Tudor had choreographed Gluck's Alcestis. *Photo: Arthur Todd.*

Dancer You Will Know

Photo: Roy Round.

ROBERT MEAD

BORN in Bristol in 1940. First teacher was Lillian Houlden at the Brislington School of Dancing in Bristol. Entered Royal Ballet School in September 1952, and joined the Royal Ballet in June 1958. Appointed junior soloist in May 1950. Rôles: Centre Pas de Six, *Czardas, Mazurka and Spanish Dance in* Swan Lake; *Bluebird Florestan and Cavalier in* The Sleeping Beauty; *Prince's Friend in* Cinderella; *Friend and Card Player in* The Rake's Progress; Pas de Trois *in* La Fête Etrange; *Yodelling Song in* Façade; *Brown Boy in* Les Patineurs; *Loving Couple in* Veneziana; *Moon in* Blood Wedding; *Schottische in* A Blue Rose; *Sailor in* Pineapple Poll.

PERHAPS the most encouraging feature of the touring company's production of *Cinderella* at Covent Garden was that it presented what is unquestionably the best quartet of Prince's Friends ever seen in the ballet. It would be invidious to single out Robert Mead from the other three (Bennett, Gable and Hamilton), but his performance was brilliantly accomplished. He first made his mark soon after joining the company while leading the *Swan Lake Pas de Six*, where his exceptional qualities were instantly evident. Soon after this his dancing appeared to lose something of its original verve, and this was followed by four months on the sick list. Now returned to the company his promise seems as high as ever. Unusually good looking, with a naturally elegant bearing, fine elevation and an inborn stage presence, he has all the attributes of a first-rate classical dancer.

The Camargo Society

(part 2)

by JOHN PERCIVAL

AFTER the Camargo Society's unsuccessful second programme, the third (given at the Cambridge Theatre on April 26, 1931) showed a very necessary improvement.

It included a ballet by Tamara Karsavina, one by De Valois and no fewer than three by Ashton.

Karsavina's *Valse Fantaisie* (music by Glinka, costumes by Grace Lovat Fraser) was a romantic piece, a kind of reversal of the *Spectre de la Rose* situation, in which a young man dreamed of his beloved, who appeared surrounded by attendant phantoms and danced with him.

Karsavina herself appeared as the beloved and Ashton played the young man.

De Valois' contribution was a complete contrast: a new version of *La Création du Monde,* which had been first produced by Les Ballets Suédois in 1923.

This work had been conceived as a negro ballet and set out to show the story of the Creation and the birth of man as a primitive savage might imagine and represent it in a ritual. The original version had an elaborate scenario by Blaise Cendrars, music by Milhaud, De Valois had created to the broad outline of a negro ritual — all the dancers had their skins darkened.

The curtain rose on a confused mass, representing chaos before Creation. Three dancers, impersonating gods, jerked their arms and legs in the mysterious ritual of their magical incantations.

The mass began to move, and from it emerged other dancers representing various forms of life, including four half-human creatures. All of these then moved in circles round the gods, who resumed their spells until these culminated in the creation of a man and a woman, who were the central figures in a round dance before being left isolated by the gradual dispersing of the other dancers.

To the evocative, strongly rhythmic music by Milhaud, De Valois had created choreography which, although the movements were often heavy, clumsy or eccentric, made an effect of uncanny awe.

The work was developed with a strong sense of form in its pattern of a gradually unravelling group and made a powerful impression on its audience.

De Valois was reported at the time, and afterwards, as thinking this her own best ballet, but although it was taken into the Wells repertory in 1933, she has resisted suggestions since the war that it should be revived.

If she is adamant in this resolve, the theme might be a profitable one for one of our young choreographers to tackle.

Two of Ashton's contributions were revivals. *Mars and Venus* had been created for the play *Jew Süss* in 1929 and taken into the repertory of Rambert's company (in an enlarged version) in 1930. It was a simple but charming piece of music selected from harpsichord works by Scarlatti, which Lambert scored for a "full 18th-century orchestra" for the Camargo production.

Follow Your Saint was a brief work (to John Dowland's *Lachrymae,* transcribed by Peter Warlock) which had been first given during a week's season of dancing and poetry presented by Haskell at the Arts Theatre the previous December. It was danced by its original cast of Lopokova, Ashton and William Chappell.

Lopokova was the star also of the remaining work, *Façade.* The triumphant progress of this lighthearted burlesque through the whole subsequent history of British ballet (revived by Rambert's Ballet Club only eight days after its première, by the Vic-Wells Ballet four years later, and still going strong in both repertories) makes any comment on its initial impact superfluous.

It is interesting to note, however, that at the first performance all the rôles (including all the dances currently given except the Fox Trot, which was one of three later additions) were played by just ten dancers.

Lopokova was the Milkmaid as well as the Debutante, Markova danced the Polka, Ashton played the Dago, and the Popular Song was danced by Chappell and Walter Gore. The other dancers taking part were Prudence Hyman, Maude Lloyd, Pearl Argyle, Diana Gould and Antony Tudor.

On this third programme the designers, too, were more successful than at the earlier performances.

Edward Wolfe's scenery, costumes and masks shared in the general praise for *Création du Monde;* William Chappell had devised attractive costumes for two of the Ashton ballets, and John Armstrong's original setting and costumes for *Façade* are still preferred by many people (myself included) to the revised versions now used by the Royal Ballet.

The fourth programme (Cambridge Theatre, July 5, 1931) had only one new work, but was again a success. The evening opened with De Valois' *The Jackdaw and the Pigeons,* a trifling work from the Vic-Wells repertory, and ended with a repeat of *Pomona.*

In between came the first performance of *Job,* the only Camargo creation apart from *Façade* to survive until today.

It is well known that the idea of a ballet based on Blake's drawings, a ballet "of a kind which would be new to the English stage", had been conceived by Geoffrey Keynes some years before and offered to Diaghilev, who thought it "too English" and "too old-fashioned".

Vaughan Williams, who had enthusiastically accepted a suggestion that he should compose the music, had (in the absence of any likelihood of an early stage production) scored it for a large orchestra, in which form it was first played in October 1930.

For Camargo, Constant Lambert rescored it for a much smaller orchestra.

The way *Job* finally reached the stage shows some of the appalling difficulties under which the Camargo Society worked.

It was De Valois' second major new work in not much more than two months, in the middle of a period during which she was busy also with the production or revival of several other ballets on a smaller scale and with all the arrangements for the first full evenings of ballet by her own company.

Even with the maximum possible "doubling" of parts (Chappell, Gore and Hedley Briggs danced three rôles apiece, and Stanley Judson was one of the sons as well as Elihu), 26 dancers were needed, including 10 men.

These dancers, none of whom received any fee for their services, had to be assembled from the two tiny English ballet companies (Vic-Wells and Ballet Club) with the addition of some professional dancers working for commercial managements and some students of various schools.

Merely to get them together must have been a major problem; Dolin, in fact, could manage only three rehearsals in which to learn the part of Satan.

By the dress rehearsal, held on the Friday before the first performance, the difficulties had reduced De Valois to a state where she was bitterly convinced that the work was a miserable failure.

"It was all so bad and needed so much more work," she wrote later in her autobiography. "I was so deadly ashamed of the scene of chaos."

Lambert was similarly in despair that nothing like justice would be done to Vaughan Williams' music.

At this stage, even though Geoffrey Keynes and some of his friends had contributed generously to the costs of production, an additional orchestra rehearsal was made possible only because Gustav Holst offered to pay for it. This was held on the Sunday morning, and the dancers were permitted to attend.

The success of *Job* in spite of all these difficulties needs no recapitulating. After it, even the successful *Pomona* seemed to have lost some of its charm, and at the repeat performance the next afternoon the running order was changed so that *Job* came last on the programme.

The new ballet had a nobility of intention and a quality of ambition which outweighed its imperfections.

Beaumont, who keeps his head better than most people in judging the events of the day by long-term standards, pointed out that it was "'not a flawless work" but went on to say that "the conception and realisation as a whole have established a standard which it will not be easy to match, let alone surpass".

Arrangements had already been made (and announced in the programme of the third production) for *Job* and *Pomona* to be given at the annual festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music at Oxford later in July.

This set a seal on the achievements of the Camargo Society's first year. The Society still had some valuable work before it; it was also to fare in some ways much worse than before; but it was never again to come so close to carrying out exactly its declared aims.

It was about this time that Professor J. Maynard Keynes became Treasurer of the Society, replacing Alfred Tysser, who nevertheless remained on the General Committee. Mr. Montagu-Nathan, the Secretary, became Assistant Treasurer.

Professor (later Lord) Keynes was the husband of Lydia Lopokova and brother of the author of *Job.* He had been interested in the Society since the early meetings, and the application to its problems of his financial genius, administrative ability and enthusiasm were to prove invaluable.

The Camargo Society's second year began with a performance at the Savoy

Theatre on November 29, 1931. The main work was rather quaintly described on the programme as *"Rio Grande* by Constant Lambert . . . produced as a ballet called *A Day in a Southern Port"*.

Perhaps the double title was intended to show that Ashton's choreography did not take its inspiration from the poem by Sacheverell Sitwell which Lambert had set to music. Wisely, however, the alternative title was later dropped and the ballet became known as *Rio Grande.*

Rio Grande was a work of hotly debated merits. Ashton had chosen to present it as what Beaumont called "an orgy of sailors and their doxies".

P. W. Manchester thought it "a detestable ballet" and even Haskell, in defending it, conceded that "it may possibly be vicious, but it is never in any sense vulgar", and he described it as "choreographically weak but theatrically admirable".

The attacks, however, fell entirely on Ashton and to a limited extent on the designer, Edward Burra. Lambert's music and the performances of Lopokova, Markova, Gore and Chappell in the leading rôles met with praise.

If *Rio Grande* was not a success, it was nevertheless the most considerable work on the programme. The Vic-Wells Ballet, with Phyllis Bedells as guest artist, danced *Fête Polonaise,* which had been first given just six days before.

This was a *divertissement* of six dances in which a polonaise and a mazurka rubbed shoulders uncomfortably with a classical adagio, variation and *ensembles.* The choreography was by De Valois with help from Stanley Judson.

Fête Polonaise met with little praise and was not helped by costumes designed and made in the Sadler's Wells wardrobe.

Ballade, with choreography by Bedells to Chopin music orchestrated by Arnold Bax, was an unpretentious piece, successful on its unambitious level.

The other novelty was *A Woman's Privilege,* which enjoyed the distinction of being conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, who had collaborated with Henry Gibson in the selection, arrangement and orchestration of the Handel music.

A Woman's Privilege had choreography by Trudl Dubsky, a former pupil of the Bodenwieser modern dance school in Vienna, who was now one of the principals of the Rutherston Dubsky School of Rhythmic Movement in Great Ormond Street.

Some idea of the basic situation of the ballet may be gained from the fact that the principal characters were a bride, her friend and her aunt; a bridegroom, his friend and his aunt; with a *corps de ballet* of pages and maids.

"What the ballet was supposed to convey," wrote Beaumont, "I do not pretend to understand; nor have I ever seen such a mixture of styles."

A fortnight or so after this performance, on December 15, the Camargo Society took part in a midnight charity matinée at the Carlton Theatre. They appeared after the première of a film, dancing *Ballade* and a new work, *The Lord of Burleigh.*

This had a scenario by Edwin Evans in which 14 assorted characters from Tennyson's poems were thrown together in romantic circumstances. Evans also selected the music by Mendelssohn, which was orchestrated by Gordon Jacob.

Ashton's choreography had moments of wit and romantic feeling, and gave good opportunities to the large cast of soloists from the Vic-Wells and Rambert companies, but the work's length told against it.

The Lord of Burleigh was repeated at the sixth of the regular Camargo Society performances at the Savoy Theatre on February 28, 1932, when the rest of the programme comprised revivals of *Valse Fantaisie, La Création du Monde* and *Façade.*

It had been intended that Dolin should produce for this programme a ballet called *The Wings of Horus* to some music which he had commissioned some years before but never used. Somehow this fell through, so that there was no entirely new work on the programme.

The Society was at a low ebb. It cost about five hundred pounds to put on a worthwhile performance, and although a programme including several works repeated from earlier performances would probably have been cheaper, the members could not be expected to be happy paying a fairly high subscription without seeing some return in the way of new ballets.

Then came the boldest decision since the original idea of founding the Society. If isolated performances on Sundays and Mondays were impracticable, why not put on a proper season of ballet?

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

THE ROYAL BALLET (Touring Section) at Covent Garden

The pumpk'n remains — a pumpk'n

FOLLOWING the example of London's Festival Ballet, Covent Garden puts on a Christmas programme. Originally it had been intended to mount *The Nutcracker,* but this idea was shelved, and a good thing too, because it seems utterly pointless to play this ballet concurrently on each side of the Thames, especially when the South Bank's Festival Ballet puts on such a charming and delightful Christmas show. Instead the Ashton/Prokofiev *Cinderella* was revived, but this time for the touring version of the Royal Ballet.

This was Ashton's first full-length work, and it has many of the faults attendant upon such enterprises and which Ashton himself has since grown-out of in his more recent full-lengthers. Its main fault is that after the second act ballroom scene, really nothing happens and the ballet just peters out. The designing of Jean-Denis Malclés, with its heavy-handed post-war French tapestry approach, seems particularly dated now and brings a miasma of no-magic to a fairy tale that should be all a-glitter and a-sparkle. For old hags to turn into good fairies and for mice and pumpkins to turn into horses and a coach would seem to call for stage magic. It was, I'm afraid, typical of the Covent Garden attitude to fairy tales that the pumpkin was casually thrown into the wings like a football thrown from the touch-line, no wonder the resulting coach looks like nothing so much as a chi-chi Victorian bathing machine. If this kind of thing happens how can anybody expect to inspire the dancers into anything like the right approach to a fairy tale? Yet when all is said and done, there are moments of splendour when certain people are dancing the principal rôles; there are also many inventive choreographic touches and, up to the end of the ballroom scene, there is a sure flow in the story-telling. Re-thought from the production point of view and entirely re-designed, this could still be Covent Garden's answer to the Royal Festival Hall.

Until this younger section of the Royal Ballet took it over, I had never been quite aware of just how difficult the ballet is to dance. I became very aware of it in the variations for the four seasonal fairies, who never really came to grips with their rôles during the whole season. Doreen Wells was Fairy Spring, looked pretty, danced well but was very spikey. As Fairy Summer, Elizabeth Anderton started well and looked as though she would be the best of all, but after a few steps, and particularly when she had to turn, the whole thing disintegrated into the commonplace, and more common than place. In the leaf-scattering variation for Fairy Autumn, Audrey Farriss had her moments, but here again there was remarkable unevenness. As Fairy Winter, Carole Needham made one realise how much Beryl Grey originally brought to what had always seemed an unrewarding part. Nor did Barbara Remington seem able to make much of the Fairy Godmother, but then this originally appeared to flummox even Pamela May and Julia Farron. The most distressing feature in all this fairy host was their lack of arms — their *port de bras* was such that the upper half of their bodies seemed hardly to exist and there was none of that beautiful extension of line that can only come from great attention to arm movements.

The Ugly Sisters had a half cast change — Meriel Evans playing the original "Helpmann" sister throughout the season and the "Ashton" sister alternating between Rosemary Lindsay and Andrée Howard. Of the first cast, Rosemary Lindsay, submerging herself in the grotesqueries of the part, achieved the zaniness, though without the pathos, of Ashton. Evans went through the rôle meticulously but did not leave much impression. It was noticeable during the early performances that the audience did not laugh much when these two were playing their scenes, and this doubtless came from the fact that both are too young to understand the hair-trigger timing that is needed to get laughs, and apart from anything else they danced rather too well. It was not until Howard took over that the real humour came back, because she has had the years and experience to point her gestures and situations. In fact at moments, Howard looked so like Ashton that it was almost uncanny. Personally I feel that the ballet loses immeasurably by having these parts played by girls, and it is to be hoped that this practice will be dropped whenever it is revived again.

Of the two Jesters — Donald Britton and Johaar Mosaval — the latter gave one of the best interpretations after Grant. He was mercurial and had the underlying pathos usually attendant in Court comics. Britton seemed, surprisingly, at sea with the whole thing and his dancing was a long way below his usual admirable best.

Apart from the principals, the most rewarding feature of the revival was the most excellent *corps de ballet* work — the Stars, in the first act, have never been danced better. The guests at the ball were played by members of the Opera Ballet and students, and here again I have never

seen this group playing and dancing with such conviction. Unlike the *corps*, in both sections of the Royal Ballet, they reacted to every situation, carried on little scenes amongst themselves and danced as though they were really enjoying themselves at the ball. There was one boy, in a red costume with green stripes and decoration, who was so good that he nearly stole the whole act — he moved like a most experienced performer, in fact he never made a movement without it looking poetic, and danced with an easy elegance throughout. In appearance he was somewhere between John Gilpin and Fadeyechev. Other splendid male dancing in small rôles came from the four friends of the Prince — Christopher Gable, Alexander Bennett, Robert Mead and Ian Hamilton — who did everything with great finesse, jumping and turning always together and whose presence gave distinction to the whole ballet.

Although Fonteyn is the most experienced of the Royal Ballet's ballerinas who now dance the Cinderella rôle, this does not mean that she has sat on her laurels. If her dancing has not moved on over the past year, then her interpretative powers most certainly have. Her playing of the part is now such that it seems impossible to imagine anyone else ever being her equal — she really gets right into the skin of the waif who goes to the ball and meets the prince whom she eventually marries. All through that long opening scene it is worth every penny of the charge for opera glasses just to watch the play of emotions and expression on her face. She seems to see Cinderella as a rather lively girl with a distinct sense of humour but who is continually having the stuffing beaten out of her by the bitchiness of her step-sisters. But this humour breaks through when she sees her sisters making particular idiots of themselves or when she dances with the broom as an imagined partner at the ball. Two other moments in her acting are so remarkable as to almost jerk tears to the eyes. One is her arrival at the ball — she moves forward, looking straight in front of her as in a dream, then when full realisation comes to her as she gets into the centre of the floor, her wonder at the magical thing that has happened to her is deeply touching. I also love her attitude to the Prince which is adoring yet conveying to us that she still does not think it is real and that it will all dissolve into thin air.

The other moment is when, having returned from the ball and sunk down by the fire as a waif again, she suddenly finds the single glittering slipper. This, followed by her timidity when the Prince arrives for the shoe-trying and the way she never takes her eyes off him when she tries on the other shoe, make it essential to sit through the last act when she is appearing. There may be more brilliant technicians in the world but I doubt if anybody could bring a rôle alive in the way that she can. In my enthusiasm for her playing I have not overlooked her dancing, which was, as always, a lesson in musicality and beautiful line with every part of her body forming a perfect composition with every other part of her body or with her partner. Her Prince was Michael Somes, who looked noble but also at moments appeared to seem remarkably uninterested in what was going on.

The youngest and newest of the Royal Ballet's Cinderellas is Lynn Seymour, and it was remarkable that her approach to the rôle was never, at any moment, a weak carbon copy of Fonteyn. She is a very personal dancer and it would appear that she works everything out carefully for herself. She was more of a slattern in the opening scenes than any Royal Ballet artist I have ever seen — hair slightly untidy and the feeling of sweat and tears always present in these opening moments. She evokes pity and our hearts go out to her, and she is possibly more the kind of slattern that whoever wrote the story (was it the ubiquitous Perrault?) had in mind. She is essentially "young" — depressed at being downtrodden, her moments alone and when she plays with the broom are more a way of trying to pass the time than anything else, you feel she thinks the magic is a lot of "stuff" but lets herself get caught up in it for the kicks. It is exhilarating that the Royal Ballet now has artists who are also individuals.

When Cinderella Seymour gets to the ball it is as though the gift of the fairy's robe takes hold of her and she becomes regal and the childishness evaporates. Her *pas de deux* is really grand, great high Russian *arabesques* and *attitudes*, a lovely broad sweep to everything and moments so thrilling that I audibly gasped. Her variation was well danced but needs crisping up, possibly she was too lyrical where more sparkle was needed. Of course she has faults, but the great thing is that she knows how to cover them up, something rare in one so young. Her knees still seem rather too soft but they have improved since the last summer season. Altogether I find her one of the most exciting and individual dancers that has come from the Royal Ballet stable for many years. She was well partnered by Desmond Doyle, who has a very manly appearance on the stage and played what can be a very cardboard Prince with a strong undercurrent of human feeling.

P. W.

Bright Cinders

IN addition to Dame Margot, both of the company's prima ballerinas, Svetlana Beriosova and Nadia Nerina, were on hand for Covent Garden's Christmas festivities — if any production as decoratively shabby as Ashton's *Cinderella* can be regarded as festive.

Beriosova is a lovely Cinderella, second only to Fonteyn. There is a sweet natural wistfulness about her kitchen waif, a warm and appealing girl, with hints of the princess glinting through. She makes the most of the part's humour, and establishes a genuine relationship with her problem family.

The girlishness of her first act also emerges when she arrives for her glittering one-night-stand at the ball, giving her portrayal a sort of tentative regality that is appealing in its convincing mixture of shyness and confidence. In the last act, more perhaps even than Fonteyn, she completely catches that air of grave dedication that gives the authentic happy-ever-after touch to fairy-tale nuptials. The pure lyricism of her dancing proves just right for Ashton's choreography, her line is impeccable, her footwork precise, and everything is unskimped and unflurried. This was probably the best dancing I have seen from Beriosova in a full-length Ashton rôle and it makes one all the more anxious to see her dancing in *Ondine*, in which, if reports are to be believed, she has recently had a great success in America.

It was possibly unfortunate that Nerina, after all her successes in Russia, should have had to make her London return in *Cinderella*, in a rôle that has never been among her finest. Although curiously enough this was the first full-length part she ever attempted, she never seems to have got under the skin of it, and the choreography never really shows off her best qualities. Her first act seemed dangerously over-played with an intelligent intensity that might have been fine for a dance-drama, but seemed like wallowing self-pity in *Cinderella*. In the ballroom scene her exquisite classical placing, fantastic *arabesques penchées*, and crisp authority made their effect, but the choreography is altogether too *terre à terre* for her volatile, aerial dancing. Her last act *pas de deux* had a nice feeling of grandeur, although unaccountably she came down from point at one juncture. It was a good performance, but not one that her admirers would have chosen for her welcome home.

Both ballerinas were partnered by Bryan Ashbridge, who this season has been making his début in the rôle of the Prince. He partnered both of his Cinderellas soundly, and hunted their glass slippers with an appropriate ardour. The variation suited him and he danced with vigour.

C. B.

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

The Nutcracker really crackles

WHEN London's Festival Ballet first gave the Lichine/Benois production of Tchaikovsky's *The Nutcracker* three years ago I thought it the perfect Christmas ballet pantomime. In the intervening years the sugar icing has worn off and it has presented a rather shop-soiled appearance. This year Dr. Braunsweg invited David Lichine over to freshen it up, and great care has been taken to see that the scenery and costumes are as Alexandre Benois intended them to be. The result of all this trouble has been that the company has never played a Christmas season to such capacity houses and it also earned for itself a great bundle of critical acclaim in the press — all justly deserved.

The major share of honour must go to Benois, who has not only decorated it with a magical touch but also gave Lichine minute details of the production he remembered in St. Petersburg. Lichine, on the other hand, has obeyed this instruction so carefully that the opening scene in Councillor von Stahlbaum's house is so authentic that it might well be a Royal Danish production. This scene, which contains very little dancing, can be an unutterable bore, but here it is enchanting. Everywhere you look there is so much authentic "party" detail that after several visits you still find something new. To be able to create a party on-stage is one thing but to make the audience feel the sensations that it felt at those far-away Christmas gatherings in our youth, that's something else. Here is all the excitement, the sense of "occasion" and the tiredness resulting from over-exuberance on the part of the children that is ageless at Christmas parties. Moreover, it is beautifully played by the Festival Ballet as adults and the Cone School children.

But the link that binds the whole ballet and its rather tenuous story together is little Clara, and it was possibly Mary Williams who became the star of this Christmas season. She is, and there's no other word to describe her, a poppet. Tiny, blonde and with a most expressive face she embarks on her strange adventure as if born to it. At no moment is she anything other than living the part. She is a remarkable actress and her mime scene, when she describes how she killed the Rat King with her slipper, is a lesson in the mimetic art which everyone would do well to study. I usually *hate* children on the stage, but all the children in this production were entrancing and

most definite characters — natural and never, the Lord be praised, cute.

There's another star of the first act — the transformation scene from the house to the snowy landscape — which is so pretty and so well done that not only does it get most deserved applause but it actually brings tears of pleasure to the eyes — and I'm not the only hard-bitten old unsentimentalist who this happened to.

The second act, in the Kingdom of Sweets, is possibly less interesting because it is more of a conventional *divertissement.* Some of the dances are decidedly weak, yet nothing goes on long enough to be boring. Particularly good is *Danse Arabe* (coffee) in which Janet Kedge and Jean Pierre Alban turn the whole thing into a send-up of the conventional "belly dance" — it is exceedingly funny and is far the best interpretation I have ever seen of what can be a very tedious number. Also good is *Valse des Fleurs,* which is well arranged and well danced by the girls.

The high-point in this act is, of course, the *grand pas de deux,* and I saw two casts in this. The first, Dianne Richards and Oleg Briansky, was a little shaky, though it had some nice moments. Possibly owing to the fact that he had only just returned to ballet, and to a new production to him at any rate, Briansky was not partnering too surely, and this appeared to throw Richards off her stride. She is a clean and charming dancer in the Belinda Wright class and to whom she bears a strong resemblance. She needs to get more breadth into her work as there is a tendency for everything to become too dainty. She was at her best in the variation, which still needs to be given with greater ease. He presents a very noble and handsome figure on the stage and when he has got back into form should be a notable asset to Festival Ballet.

Later in the season the rôles of the Sugar Plum Fairy and the Nutcracker Prince were danced by the Hungarian ballerina, Szusza Kun, and Vladimir Skouratoff. Kun is just the sort of dancer I love — she is pretty and has charm while, at the same time, having a technical bigness that must have come from her Russian training. Her arms are beautiful, her carriage is imperious, she has a remarkable jump and a lovely extension, and appears to be very musical. Her one fault, and this may have been the unraked stage more than anything else, is that she does not finish her turns too cleanly. The *pas de deux* which she and Skouratoff danced was not the Ivanov one but that arranged by Vainonen. Some things about it are better than the original, but others far less good. There are a number of spectacular lifts and some beautiful *jetés,* yet it seems less well-phrased choreographically than the Ivanov version, and there seem to be a number of flat moments with too much walking and *bourréeing.* In the variation there are some high *jetés* ending in a *relevé* into a held *arabesque* which were wonderful. Altogether, in spite of initial nervousness, Kun proved to be the kind of dancer we should like to see more of in this country, and she would be an inspiration to our dancers as well. Of the four ballerinas we have seen from Hungary she is far and away the best, and it would be a pleasure if she could come and show us her *Swan Lake* and *Giselle* during the next summer season.

Skouratoff, not unnaturally, appeared to find certain difficulty in immediately mastering the new arrangements, but he got through manfully and with his usual dignity. It was a pity that he wore a wig which appeared to be some sizes too large.

Now that Festival Ballet have got this production back to its pristine glory, let's hope that they make every effort to keep it that way. **P. W.**

GRADUATION BALL *ON TV : Belinda Wright, as a Junior Girl, and Vassilie Trunoff, as a young Cadet, in London Festival Ballet's production of David Lichine's* Graduation Ball, *which was given on BBC television over Christmas. Photo : BBC.*

TELEVISION

Graduation Ball

Danced by London's Festival Ballet on BBC Television on December 27. Choreography: David Lichine. Designer: John Cooper. Produced by Margaret Dale.

BELINDA WRIGHT - VASSILIE TRUNOFF - DIANE WESTERMAN RONALD EMBLEN - LOUIS GODFREY JANET KEDGE - PETER WHITE PAMELA HART - JELKO YURESHA JENNIFER ALDERTON - JILL BATHURST - JOAN POTTER - MARY COULSON - SUSAN WINTERTON and *corps de ballet.*

AT its very beginning, a woman narrator unintentionally warned any viewers essentially sophisticated in their humour that there would be some traces of vulgarity in *Graduation Ball,* with: "For once even the junior girls are determined to make a good impression . . . an impression on the military cadets, that is." Anyway, its coarser moments were not due to any changes made by the producer, Margaret Dale, but to the choreographer's own mildly bawdy approach. This is perhaps the one ballet in which Lichine did not over-reach himself. Had he, however, gone a little deeper — had, for example, the masquerade between Sylphide and Scotsman been given an affectionately satirical treatment — the work would have been far more substantial. Still, accepting the general lack of originality, there is much to please in *Graduation Ball.*

The mode of production has already been seen in the cinema, and in a similar work — the old Warner Bros. film of *Gaîté Parisienne.* At one moment, flickering gloves and petticoats brushing the screen seem to take control — at the next, we find cameras dwelling on close-ups to underline the plot. While a fresh eye is all to the good for television production, it is especially good for works that are not established classics. And here Margaret Dale was obviously not impeded by any feelings of exaggerated respect for the choreography.

Undaunted by the endless waltzes and endlessly milling crowds, she used a wide variety of shots and some completely unexpected angles of vision. The waltz patterns, for example looked very appealing when taken by a cameraman comfortably perched on a chandelier, and the opening "Acceleration" powder-puffing mime looked nicely different when shot from what would have been the wings of a theatre. But even better was the *Fouettée* Competition, done mainly in long-shots, with the camera peeping in between the heads and over the shoulders of the spectators. The consequence of such skilful camera manipulation was that the direction seemed stronger than the actual dancing.

Though the *corps de ballet* looked lively and relaxed, a number of the principals seemed unaccountably unsure of themselves. Janet Kedge's Headmistress suffers from a fundamental aimlessness. She must decide whether to be shy and prim or a fierce martinet, for she is not yet a sufficiently good actress to combine all traits in one portrait. And surely the make-up department could have made her look a little older than the senior girls! The nearest the programme got to an explosion of fireworks was Trunoff's *Perpetuum mobile* (TV makes him look devastatingly tall and slim), well backed up by Joan Potter, Susan Winterton and Mary Coulson. Peter White's General was given with relish, while Louis Godfrey brought a pleasing individual flourish to the Drummer. Belinda Wright danced well, but looked gritty and tense, and Diane Westerman lost heavily by trying too hard to ginger-up the rôle of the pig-

tail girl. If the rôle demands grotesque expressions, may I suggest that there might be other girls in the company with more naturally comic faces? Ronald Emblen, who always seemed to be peeping out from under a chair, got the lion's share of the close-ups, and, consequently, had his rôle of the second cadet built up into what *The Stage* always refers to as a nice cameo study.

The deckle-edged sets looked solid and the lighting was uniformly good, with no unsightly shadows. But what I enjoyed even better than the ballet itself were the mad vignettes of funny chairs used as a background for the credits.

Darsonval and Dolin

LYCETTE DARSONVAL and Anton Dolin—a new partnership?—appeared on the Independent Channel earlier in the month with a *pas de deux adagio* from *Sylvia*. The choreography, which was not credited to anyone, featured much posturing, too much padding, and some extraordinary *attitudes grecques*. Though the dancing was not overtaxing, Dolin showed manly style, a remarkable figure and again just how much more impressive and dignified the grand manner can be over flashy mannerisms.

The Rambert School

FINALLY, BBC Children's Television organised a half-hour conducted tour of the Rambert School on January 3. One of the pupils, Andrée Lefevre, acted as guide, Angela Ellis presided in the classroom, while two future members of the company, Vivienne Dodds and Peter Curtis, danced extracts from the *Giselle* "Peasant" *pas de deux*. **E. C. M.**

Dance and Dancers . . . . IN FRANCE

INTERNATIONAL BALLET OF THE MARQUIS DE CUEVAS

ALL Paris was impatiently awaiting the return of Nina Vyroubova in *The Sleeping Beauty* on December 16. Now at the height of her career, the very subtle rôle of Aurora permitted her to give full scope to the varied qualities which characterise her personal style. On the technical plane her mastery is such that it prevents her ever taking an incorrect position, while her finishing poses, her descents from *pointe*, and her expressive softness in either *allegro* or *andante*, all add up to a brilliance, which though rare, we have already appreciated this season in Rosella Hightower's interpretation of the same rôle. 160 years ago it was Pierre Gardel who said that the ideal way of judging the perfection of a dancer's style would be to stop her at random in full flight. Perhaps there are few dancers today who could undergo such a trial — nevertheless, these two ballerinas must belong to that small chosen group. If Rosella Hightower is the perfect *terre à terre* dancer, in the sense accepted by Théophile Gautier, Nina Vyroubova remains essentially the dancer of lightness and elevation — weightless, poetic, she leaps, she flies.

On the level of dramatic interpretation, she can easily compete with Fonteyn. In the first act she is always spontaneous, whimsical but tender, giving free rein to the playfulness of youth and so creating with her regal assurance a child who is so beautiful that she has only to step on stage to make everyone happy. Her meeting with misfortune in the person of Carabosse, still strikingly brought to life by Olga Adabache, takes her by surprise, striking a tragic note and throwing this palace drama into confusion. Moreover, though intangible and immaterial when she appears in the Vision Scene gliding like a ray of light, she remains the shadow of a young girl, and neither wili nor sylphide. And from her fragility, modesty and purity, which is the essence of feminine charm, she breaks into flower in the last act. It is thanks to the Marquis de Cuevas that Nina Vyroubova has been able to inscribe herself among the greatest interpreters of this famous classic and take her place with her predecessors and rivals, notably Olga Spessivtesva and Margot Fonteyn.

THE PARIS OPERA

AT the Opéra, intensive rehearsals continued for *Swan Lake* under its Soviet producer, Vladimir Bourmeister, in whose honour M. Julien, Administrator of the National Lyric Theatres, arranged a press cocktail party on December 15. Despite the fact that the *maître de ballet* arrived ten days late, the date of the première remained fixed for December 21 (and will be reviewed in full next month). Josette Amiel and Peter Van Dijk were the first principals

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and were succeeded by Claude Bessy and Attilio Labis. The performances were thrown into confusion at the last moment because of the threat of a musicians' strike. Once again we must deplore the fact that it is the dancers who are the innocent victims of such actions which occur far too often on the stages of our national theatres.

CIRQUE MEDRANO

THE old tradition which puts dancers in the circus ring goes back to Franconi and the beginning of the last century. Generally, however, they appear to the detriment of the spectacle itself, and even though they may please the balletomanes, circus addicts consider their performances of slight interest. But because of its unusual quality, we must mention the new programme at the Cirque Médrano. With a carefree good humour and a total absence of pretentiousness which characterises his work, George Reich and his small company are appearing in the round and acting as a very flexible connecting thread for the circus numbers. Among the latter are several items with a strong poetic accent: we must mention the horsemanship of José Strassburger-Muller, the clown-mime Charlie Rivel, who pays homage to Charlot, and, especially, the graceful act which Gina performs on a crescent moon worthy of Méliès. Among the dances, and we must acknowledge that the ring covering was unlucky for pirouettes, those representing caged birds and the final apotheosis, with shades of white and gold predominating, which depicted Christmas tableaux, charmed everyone, especially the children, in the audience. The costumes were the product of André Levasseur's good taste.

NEWS IN BRIEF

THE Brussels Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie has scheduled various new works. On January 10, the new *maître de ballet,* Maurice Béjart, has staged his own *Suite Viennoise* to Webern and Ravel's *Bolero*: then on February 16, the Brecht-Weill *Seven Deadly Sins* in which Janine Charrat will be his principal dancer. On March 23, André Leclair will create *Suite d'orchestre* (Shostakovitch), while Milko Sparemblek will stage his new work, *Fugue,* to a specially composed score by a young Yugoslav composer.

SERGE LIFAR has just returned from Monte Carlo, where he produced *La Dame de Pique* (Tchaikovsky, after Pushkin) for Claire Sombert and Youly Algaroff. On December 12, under the auspices of the *Société historique du 16e arrondisement de Paris,* he gave a lecture. But this proved to be something more than a conventional address. It turned into a very lively and informal account of the past 30 years.

FOR several years, the singer Jacques Douai, and his wife, Thérèse Palau, have brought their good taste to their little folklore company, *La Frairie,* whose performances at the Théâtre du Petit Marigny we have already reviewed. They plan to widen the scope of the group and transform it into a larger ensemble capable of presenting French dance and song on a scale comparable to that of the leading East European countries. On April 15, they will be conducting auditions in quest of 80 artists who can sing as well as dance: rehearsals for their new programme start in May.

FOR the re-opening of the San Carlo Theatre in Naples, Ludmilla Tcherina is presenting a new version of Raymond Rouleau's *Les Amants de Teruel.*

Marie-Françoise Christout.

High-Hat Occasion

Continued from page 25

a boyish ebullience. Though never failing to present himself with the polish we now always expect of him, he appeared not entirely at ease, and it remained with a later appearance in the programme for him to show what an outstanding dancer he is.

It is always a pleasure to welcome Nina Vyroubova to England. She has always been popular here ever since she danced in *La Sylphide* with Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées at the Winter Garden in the late 'forties. Over the years, with both the Paris Opéra and the Marquis de Cuevas company, she has grown in stature, having all the aristocracy that we associate with the ballerinas of the Diaghilev company added to the brilliant technique that is one of the features of the present French school. She appeared, partnered by André Prokovsky, in *Hommage à Garnier,* which has recently been seen here in the film — *Le Spectre de la Danse.* To some music of Hérold and grand and glittering pink and white costumes by André Levasseur, Serge Lifar has created a *pas de deux* that is most apt for occasions of this kind, though possibly any jewel encrustations came from the performance rather than any choreographic invention. Vyroubova shone like a well-faceted rose diamond. She had an all-embracing sweep which took in the whole stage and the audience as well and she had the sort of warm imperious quality which, when I see it, makes me lose my head for ballet when all around are hanging on to theirs. Prokovsky also, either inspired by his partner or his months of dancing with the de Cuevas ballet, presented a complete person, a person which, during his recent years with Festival Ballet, had seemed to be divided into two halves — an uninteresting top half and a splendidly fashioned and controlled lower half. For the first time these two bore relation to each other and he jumped with the kind of masculine effortlessness that we used always to associate with another André—the Eglevsky one.

The Ballet of Rio de Janeiro came across the Atlantic via Portugal as a token of gratitude to Margot Fonteyn who gave performances in Brazil in aid of charity — and a very charming gesture too, and which underlines what I have always felt about ballet being one of the best means of creating understanding between the peoples of this world. They danced *Zuimaaluti,* a ballet based on a voodoo legend from North Brazil, with choreography by Nina Verchinina. The story concerns a young girl who, wandering in the jungle, meets a man who turns out to be Pai-do-Mato, the god of the forest. She resists his invitation to dance with him but finally gets caught up in the dance of the monsters of the forest and the gay dance of Pai-do-Mato's daughters and unsuspectingly becomes one of them.

Verchinina was a ballerina with the original de Basil company and danced the very striking rôle of "Action" in Massine's *Les Présages* as well as the second movement in his *Choreartium,* and it was these two rôles, with their strong "Modern Dance" overtones, that first brought her to international fame. It would seem, judging by this ballet, that those influences have remained because her choreography is very strong and uses a lot of mass movement and bears a distinct Massine trademark. The title rôle was well danced by Elza Garcia Galvez, but her costume (designed by the well-known Brazilian painter — Roberto Burle Marx) seemed rather too exotic for a young girl wandering in the forest. A greater contrast to the other characters in the ballet would have helped the drama. It is impossible to judge the qualities of any company from just one work, but they appeared to be well trained and the fact that many of their works are based on local folklore is much to be applauded. It is to be hoped that this company may be seen in England with a full repertory later in the year when it may be possible to see works to some of those composers, such as Villa Lobos, for which Brazil is justly famous.

After that there was an interval so that the hats could move out to the foyers to take a look at the other hats. When they returned to their seats it was to see Marjorie Tallchief, George Skibine and Vladimir Skouratoff in Skibine's equine *pas de trois, Idylle.* Never, to my way of thinking, the ideal work in a company's repertory, this proved to be just the very thing for a concert programme of this kind — having a slight theme, plenty of excuses for spectacular dancing in *pas de deux* and variations and all given with a subtle gaiety. As the white pony who temporarily deserts her more faithful stallion for the glitter of a circus pony, Marjorie Tallchief was as frisky and scintillating as ever. She achieves some remarkable feats, especially in her turns. Skibine also seemed again to be dancing with the broad easy style that has always given such distinction to his work. Vladimir Skouratoff played the rôle of the circus pony, who becomes puny when bereft of his trappings, with his sly humour. The three dancers complemented each other perfectly, and it all amounted to an exhilarating romp. In actual fact it is a work of far more masterly construction than might appear on the surface.

Most distinguished dancing also came with John Gilpin's variation from Dolin's *Variations for Four.* In fact the matinée suddenly developed into a friendly battle of warring males displaying, as it did, some of the foremost male dancers in the West. The controlled elegance of Gilpin's dancing and the perfection of bodily composition justly won him one of the big ovations of the afternoon. He was followed by Alicia Markova dancing the solo to the Dance of the Blessed Spirits from Gluck's *Orpheus* and which Zachary Solov created for her in the production of this opera at New York's Metropolitan Opera House. Looking marvellous in a grey Grecian wig and grey tunic, Markova gave a lesson in how to do very little yet still hold the attention. I can think of no other ballerina who could achieve this in quite the same way. In a series of plastic poses she moved about the stage with all the consummate artistry that can only come from one of her schooling.

Away from the drifting and back to the fireworks with Maria Tallchief and Erik Bruhn in the Black Swan *pas de deux* from Act 3 of *Swan Lake.* These two artists, one from America and the other from Denmark, recently had a triumphant success when they were in Soviet Russia with Ballet Theatre. This particular occasion was also historic for the fact that it was the first time that the two Tallchief sisters had ever appeared together on the same

stage. Maria, as those who saw her with New York City Ballet some years ago know, is a steely and brilliant technician. Lacking the softness that comes from the Russo/European schools, she is typical of the type of dancer that America loves and can produce so well. If it came to "playing" the Odette/Odile rôle in *Swan Lake,* I doubt if she would be so good as she was in this showy *pas de deux* from Act 3, but as a piece of virtuosity what she did was remarkable. On the other hand, Bruhn, with his Danish training, would make the sort of Prince Siegfried we always want to see. Always, ever since we first saw him with Metropolitan Ballet way back in the late 'forties, he has been a beautifully chisled artist of the dance, but his classical good looks sometimes gave him an air of detachment, sometimes of coldness. With the years, and with his growing maturity, this has evaporated and a personality which has more contact with the audience emerges. He has now all that most Soviet male dancers have, plus an easy but immaculate finish which they haven't always, and it is small wonder that he was so much appreciated in Russia. He has taken a few Bolshoi features into his performance such as *tours en l'air* ending in an *attitude,* but has, wisely, integrated these things into his own school rather than superimposing them on it.

The next male to enter the fray was Antonio, who, together with his company, gave the greater part of the third section of their present programme at the Royalty Theatre and about which there is nothing further to add to what I said last month. It was excellent, as all Antonio's flamenco scenes are, though after so much splendid dancing its length seemed possibly too much of a good thing. Antonio, at the end during the line-up of all the artists who had taken part, became so carried away by the occasion that he brought forward for public acclaim all the home-based hosts rather than the overseas guests. This was a pity because everyone wished to show their appreciation of the artists who had come so far to give us so much *post-meridiem* pleasure.

THE INVITATION

Continued from page 13

tragically it was the last he lived to complete. The composer was killed in a car crash on September 25, 1960, at the age of 55, while on a visit to South Africa. Some reports before the London showing of the ballet suggested that the music was unfinished when Seiber died, and was completed by another hand. This is untrue: the manuscript full score is dated at the end "2nd August 1960" by the composer, and only a few tiny modifications were made after the ballet went into rehearsal.

Without the advantage of witnessing one of the ballet's performances outside London, or even a rehearsal, these comments can be little more than first impressions. The fact that those impressions are mainly unfavourable is no doubt coloured by my reaction to the ballet as a whole, which I felt to be fundamentally ill-conceived, but may also be the result of Seiber's extraordinarily versatile musical personality. He composed his score, I understand, to a detailed scenario from MacMillan, but I do not feel he succeeded in solving every ballet composer's perpetual problem: of reconciling the conflicting demands of musical content and choreographic purpose.

The music, in consequence, is weak on the levels both of musical conception and as an organic part of the ballet. Some features of Seiber's background may help to account for the first. An exile from his native Hungary almost all his adult life, he finally settled in London in 1935 and became, as well as a British citizen, an exceptionally gifted and widely-admired teacher, both privately and at Morley College. His musical sympathies were wider than most, and he could expound the character of classical and pre-classical music, of 12-note technique and jazz, with equal fluency (an academic class in jazz he initiated at Frankfurt Hochschule in 1928 was the first of its kind).

Seiber's thorough grasp of, and his ability to write effectively in, all manner of contemporary styles, however, meant that his own music was apt to lack distinction of individual character. His assimilation of 12-note technique in later years was much to his advantage as a composer, and enabled him to write such works as the *Ulysses* cantata (based on James Joyce), the *Three Pieces* for 'cello and orchestra and the *Quartetto Lirico,* by which he is likely to be best remembered. *The Invitation,* lacking this benefit, is redolent of other and better-known composers: of Stravinsky in the tango episode for the Boy and the Wife, for example, of Britten in the emotional wrangles of the older couple, of Arnold in the ballroom *galop,* of Bartók, Hindemith and half a dozen others. Seiber's score is his own invention, of course (one section of it is a re-working of an earlier piece, a *Pastoral and Burlesque* for flute and strings), but for one reason or another he has been unable to distil from his ideas a style and character that is recognisably Seiber and nobody else.

On the second aspect, in its context as a prime feature of the ballet, Seiber's music seems too deferential and incidental to the drama instead of being a protagonist with the choreography. It reflects, underlines, sustains, but it does not lead — like a *danseur* faithfully just behind his ballerina's elbow but never on a par with her. In a notice written elsewhere I suggested that MacMillan's choreography usurped the function of words in the narrative without enhancing it. A composer skilled in writing for the ballet might have made up the deficiency, at least partly, but Seiber's loyalty in mirroring the course of the dancing, without actively developing it through musical means, inevitably reduces the ballet's stature and impact.

The repeated rhythmic figures which serve as an overture also provide material for many of the ballet's episodes, and I thought the music successful chiefly in evoking the innocence of youth at the start and almost always in conveying something of the complex psychological relations between the tortured older couple. Elsewhere it retreated into the rôle of background reflection and accompaniment. It is agreeably varied in rhythm and colour, except perhaps for too much reliance on the snare-drum as a means of marking the rhythm (or would some of the dancers be floundering without it?). If the orchestral playing under Emmanuel Young had been more than serviceable though, I think the sensuous sophistication of the *galop,* in its sinister contrast with the naïveté of the young dancers, would have indicated how a more consistently imaginative and assertive score could have given the ballet greater depth of impact.

Noël Goodwin.

DECOR

OF all the four-letter words pertaining to the sexual act, and which caused such a brouhaha when the antics of Lady Chatterley and her game-keeping lover were finally allowed to be read openly by the English-speaking public in England, there is one that no one loudly objects to yet which is in fact by far the most objectionable and which I cannot remember being used by Lawrence in his book, though I may be wrong because it's about thirty years since I read it. Anyway, this particular word is "rape". It is a violent, nasty word and it is all too persistent in our newspapers. The rape of innocence is the theme of Kenneth MacMillan's ballet, and it is obviously part of his break-away from fairy tales, of which he has admitted to be sick. For the designer of this non-fairy tale (if people would look closer into fairy tales they would find themes far more real and contemporary than these dustbin and brothel sagas we are so constantly regaled with) MacMillan has again gone to Nicholas Georgiadis. When you consider what a splendid job Georgiadis did on the equally contemporary *The Burrow* then you would be right in considering that MacMillan made a wise choice.

Now Georgiadis is, I consider, one of the finest designers working in this country, and in any other country for that matter, and nothing I am about to say means that this opinion of his work has altered in any degree whatsoever. In *The Invitation* he has created some staggeringly beautiful things — his sense of colour is exciting, his use of textures produces a work of art rather than a decoration and he seldom fails to create poetic images — but somehow much of it seemed at variance with the harsh realism of the theme. His *tachiste* world, with its melting gauzes, became a world of fantasy near-bordering on the forbidden world of fairy tale. There is no fantasy about adolescent awakening, marital disharmony or rape — they are very real things and no poetic flim-flam can hide this ugly fact. The total result is as though the choreographer and designer have said: "All of us have to grow up, some of us more violently than others, and this is what we are trying to say in this ballet. Of course it's not a *nice* theme and the square-er of you are going to be shocked by it. But so as to make it palatable to musquashed audiences at Covent Garden and to appease the taxpayer who is bound to object to this un-nice theme, we will parcel it out to you in pretty wrapping paper." Had the theme been choreographically treated in an abstract way this would have been all right, but it is treated in about as realistic a way as is possible in ballet. Therefore it would seem, if the full impact of the theme is to be realised, that the background should bear far greater relation to the surroundings that we know and recognise in life. In fact far more of the poetic-realism that Georgiadis achieved in such a masterly way in the above-mentioned *The Burrow.*

"The first scene takes place in an art gallery," I heard an intelligent member of the audience declare. It didn't, of course, but it was a certain failure that there was this misunderstanding. In fact the first scene takes place in a garden, and very right too, because the burgeoning flora should provide the key to the whole work. Unfortunately this scene is also a remarkable muddle of ideas with three different approaches to theatre design having a high old battle and causing understandable confusion in the minds of the spectator.

Against a very indeterminate background that could have been painted by one of

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those American modern painters we once saw at the Tate Gallery, there is a vista of sub-Chantry Bequest statues. Into this disparity of ideas move Edwardian costumes which bear a striking resemblance to those designed by Cecil Beaton for *Picnic at Tintagel*. Each one of these approaches would have been perfectly all right if carried completely through in their various ways, but the three just don't go together.

I doubt though whether the sculpture would ever have been right and I find this all the more surprising because on a front cloth used between two scenes (and reproduced on page 6 of this issue) we are shown an enlarged painting of the statues, presumably intended to underline the effect that their nakedness has had on the young couple, and which are sensitively painted and completely in accordance with the style of the opening scene's gauzes and wings. It would seem proper to suggest that the practical statues are immediately scrapped and reconstructed according to this front-cloth, but then you are up against the fact that it is essential to the theme that the genitals on the statues are as realistic as possible. Therefore the solution lies in a far more realistic setting in the first place. On the other hand the setting divorced from statues, costumes and Peter Jones garden furniture, remains an exciting explosion of soft colours that could, in this divorced state, make a wonderful setting for, say, Stravinsky's *Persephone*.

Some of the statues intrude through almost the entire length of the ballet and their continual appearance is as demoralising to the design as a whole as they are to the children in its story. Another point about them strikes me — surely if the parents were so particular about their children not being faced by the naked form they would not have allowed the statues in the garden anyway? They could not have been so stupid as to think that the fact that they were covered by dust-sheets did anything other than make them vastly intriguing to inquisitive young eyes.

Moving into the interior of the house we are faced by a hall looking out either on to a tropical sunset or a raging bonfire. It is in fact a very fine setting but it is far too violent and stormy for this particular phase in the theme's development, presupposing a drama which had not, at that time, been seriously considered. It would have been far more suited to Trojan virgins surveying the burning ruins of the city before their self-inflicted death.

Far better is when this setting is half shown for the exterior of the house in an interlude for acrobats and entertainers. Here the flaming orange in the windows is an advantage because it suggests wild revelry going on in the house while darker deeds are brewing in the inky shades of the garden. Nevertheless I feel the strength in the use of this particular flame colour has an anti-climatic effect on the ballet as a whole. This together with certain details in the production and choreography do diminish the eventual impact of the rape. The setting for this, when it comes, amounts to the best and most apt piece of designing in the whole ballet. It also happens to be the simplest — just slimy black shapes round a moonlit pool with touches of blue to give highlight and to intensify the black — an admirable background for tragedy, and for the first time there was a feeling of the theme, choreography and design working as one. For the final moments the locality melts back to the opening scene and the circle is thus completed, though it will never be the same circle again for the four protagonists.

The costumes, as I have already said, move in a rather different world to that of the scenery, and are mainly in pastel colours. Their silhouette is Edwardian and there is little exaggeration. Even some seemingly fantastic hats are not very eccentric to those who have ever made a study of this period's costumes. It is the children that come off best because some of them have been treated and patterned more in the manner of the settings. It is when Georgiadis uses plain colours that I feel the costumes don't succeed in the particular environment he has created; they look as though they belong to quite another production.

The most surprising failure was in the costumes for the acrobats and entertainers, which were banal in the extreme and completely without any imagination either in colour or silhouette. Here it would seem was the perfect place for Georgiadis to realise some of the exciting qualities he once brought to *House of Birds, Noctambules* and even *Agon*. But the fact remains that, in this ballet, he has strayed into the territory of designers who get inspiration from costume books and old fashion plates — and this territory is, as you all know, very overcrowded. Here Georgiadis does not belong because he is essentially a creative painter and his great contribution to ballet design has been that he has applied, in a most masterly way, this painter's approach to the theatre. He can create his own lines, his own silhouettes, and he can give them the texture of a painter — he need never slavishly copy a strict period because he can give so much more.

For some years now Georgiadis has had to suffer the criticism of people who wish for ballet to get bogged down in pretty vistas and to be that most deadly of all insults — tasteful. It would seem that he has for once turned half an ear to these people, and doubtless they are very happy. But I most sincerely hope that this is the last time that he will turn even a lobe and will continue on the path that his extremely creative brain dictates to him. Over the past years it has been he, Kenneth Rowell and ,to a lesser extent, Alix Stone (though she has only one ballet to her name) who are the only three ballet designers that ballet in Britain has any reason to be proud of and who are acceptable in an international field. Any nod on their part in the direction of the Establishment will dash the hopes of those of us who believe that the Establishment spells death to the truly creative artist.

Much of what I have just said would seem to contradict what I have said about the ballet needing a more realist approach. Possibly then Georgiadis was the wrong designer in the first place, but I still feel that his settings and costumes, had they been integrated as they were in *The Burrow*, would have been right. Of course the fault may lie with the construction of the ballet itself — it's quite possible.

Peter Williams.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET
(Touring Company)

at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden

January
19 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Seymour, Doyle).
21 **(M)** *Coppélia* (Wells, Doyle).
25 *Coppélia* (Nerina, Britton), *Sweeney Todd*.
27 *Solitaire, La Fête Etrange, Don Quixote pas de deux, Façade.*

February
4 **(M)** *Pineapple Poll, Les Sylphides, Sweeney Todd.*
4 **(E)** *Pineapple Poll, Les Sylphides, Sweeney Todd.*
7 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Ashbridge).
10 *Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote, Façade.*
11 **(M)** *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Wells, Gable).
14 *Les Deux Pigeons*, World Première (Seymour, Anderton, Britton).
16 *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton). *Veneziana.*
18 **(E)** *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton). *Veneziana.*
20 *Coppélia* (Nerina, Ashbridge), *Façade.*
22 *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton). *Veneziana.*
23 *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton), *La Fête Etrange.*
28 *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton). *Veneziana.*

March
2 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
4 **(M)** *Coppélia* (Sibley, Usher)
6 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova, MacLeary).
8 *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair). *Les Patineurs.*
10 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
11 **(M)** *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair).
16 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
17 *La Fête Etrange, The Invitation, Veneziana.*
18 **(M)** *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton). *Façade.*

BALLET RAMBERT

January
16 The Rex Theatre, Wilmslow.
23 Richmond Theatre, Richmond.
30 BBC TV *La Sylphide.*

February
6 The Palace Theatre, Watford.
13 The Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.
20 The de Montfort Hall, Leicester.
27 The Royal Theatre, Chester.

March
6 The Belgrade Theatre, Coventry.

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

January
23 The Gaumont Theatre, Doncaster.
30 The New Theatre, Hull.

February
6 The Empire Theatre, Sunderland.
13 The Theatre Royal, Exeter.
25 Teatro La Fenice, Venice.

March
2 Teatro Massimo V. Bellini, Catania
29 The Casino, Monte Carlo.

April
5 Teatro G. Verdi, Trieste.
10 The Hippodrome, Brighton.
17 The Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton.
24 The Hippodrome, Bristol.
31 The Alhambra Theatre, Bradford.

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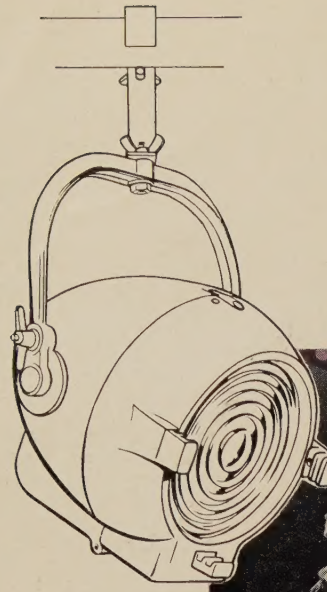

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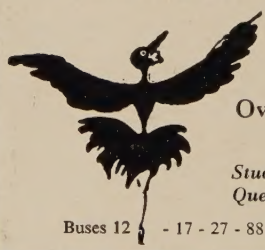

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